THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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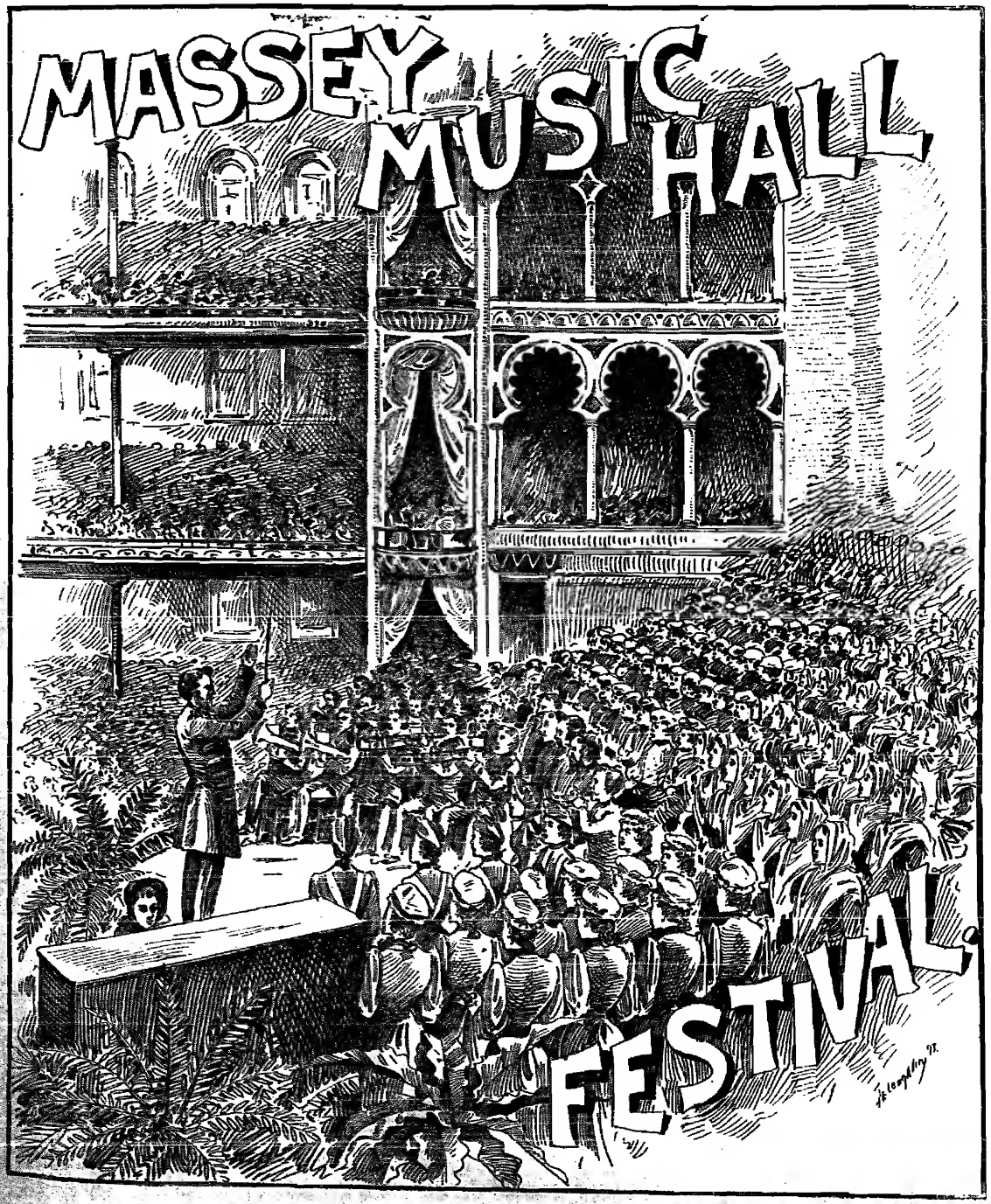
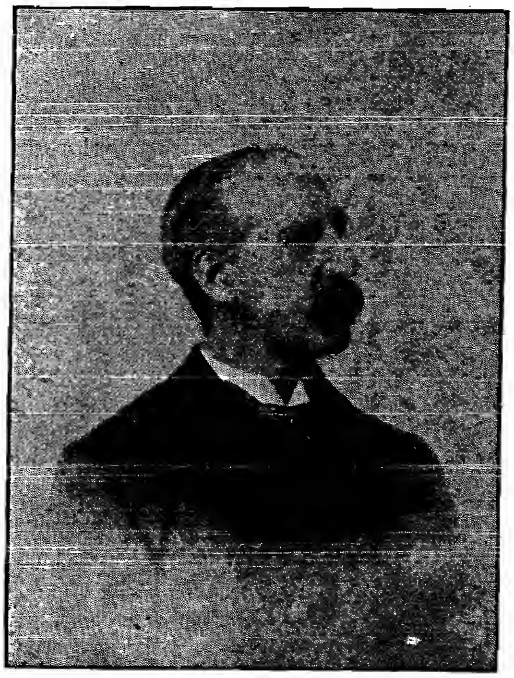


SEE PAGE 3.

The Sail to Hamilton.

It must have been rather a difficult matter for the Army photographer to get a snap-shot of that steamer load of happy Salvationists as they left the Queen City behind. But Mr. Photoman did it we believe.

At eight a.m., officers and troops from all parts of the city mustered outside the Temple previous to their departure for a pleasant sail across Lake Ontario to Hamilton. A



MAYOR STEWART, of Hamilton.

good scratch band had been got together, which rendered fine service ere the day closed.

Banners from various Ontario corps gave the march a good appearance, and Yonge Street was awakened. Eager crowds watched us as we passed the different stores *en route* to the wharf, where lay

"The Eurydice,"

the vessel which was to carry the living freight of over five hundred people.

"We're bound for Canaan's shore,
We're off for a trip in the Gospel ship,
We're bound for Canaan's shore."

Very appropriate was this chorus, and very lustily was it sung.

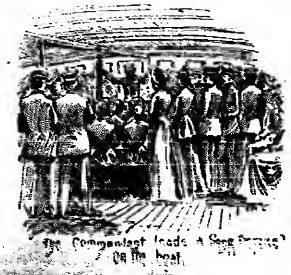
Long ere the main body of soldiers reached the ship, many others had got ahead and secured good places. Over five hundred passengers crowded her decks and saloons; in fact, it was

A Conglomeration of Salvationists.

Shall we ever forget it? I tell you nay!

It took very few minutes to get under way, and when well out into the lake, all hands settled down for a good time. The weather was all that could be desired. Balmy was the breeze. The sun was hidden behind the cloud. This made it cooler. Down past Toronto's fair city sailed the *Eurydice*, with her happy, buoyant load.

Interesting indeed it was to watch little groups of officers and soldiers dotted here and there about the deck. One Staff officer was having a "personal" spiritually



The Commandant leads a Song Service on the boat.

with a field officer. An Ensign was busily engaged nursing his first-born. Away in the front of the boat stood our dear Commandant, surrounded by a musical crowd of singing officers and soldiers. Baton in hand,

The Commandant

was doing his best to lead them on in rehearsing the great musical treat to be held in the Massey Hall the next day. "All went merry as a marriage bell." There was joy in that ship.

We were timed to reach the Ambitious City about noon, but the slowness of the boat prevented this, and it was three o'clock before Hamilton wharf was reached. What a sight met us here!

Brigadier de Barritt had gone over the day before and made arrangements for the Commandant's triumphant entry, and it was a triumphant affair, too!

The Staff marched at the front. Then followed the war chariot containing the Commandant and the Provincials. Six dray loads of female warriors came next, and the Field officers and

Rank-and-File

brought up the rear. 'Twas a pretty sight indeed!

Hundreds of citizens lined the sidewalk to do honor to the General's youngest son and his brave contingent of happy workers and followers.

Having reached the outside of the City Hall, the battalions were formed up in proper square round the war chariot. A dense mass of people soon filled the steps of the building. Then Brigadier de Barritt escorted Mayor Stewart from his office, down the steps, to the carriage, where he took his stand by the Commandant, and a fine pair of men they look, the Mayor every inch a mayor, the Commandant every inch a Salvationist and soldier.

The Central Provincial officer then welcomed the visitors to

The Ambitious City,

and then the following address, signed by the leading ministers of the city, was read by the Mayor:—

To Commissioner Booth:

MY DEAR COMMISSIONER,—I have been requested to read and present to you this message of welcome to Hamilton.

You are no stranger to our city, and doubtless you are aware by this time, as a city, we are always willing to extend a hearty welcome to all those whose mission is that of righteousness and benevolence. We are acquainted with your work in the city of Hamilton, and rejoice that hundreds of our fellow-citizens have been brought to a sense of their condition before God, and a recognition of His claims through the instrumentality of the organization over which you have the honor to preside.

We have heard with unmixed pleasure that your father, the General, intends to visit Canada in a few months time, and whilst giving you this hearty welcome to our city, we will also take the pleasure of asking you to convey to your venerable and honored father, our wishes for his safe journey and well-being.

Your schemes and plans in connection with the celebration of General Booth's Jubilee, have been read by us with great pleasure and gratification. We rejoice to hear of the success of the Army's operations in this country, and trust that you may long be spared to lead forth your troops to greater victories than ever.

Your Social Institutions as represented by Rescue Homes, Children and Men's Shelters, Woodyards for the unemployed, and other agencies have commended themselves to all well-wishers of humanity, and especially lovers of the poor. May you continue to prosper, and may the blessing of God rest upon your labors.

With kind regards to your dear and devoted wife, we have the honor to remain,

Most sincerely yours,

At the conclusion of the reading of the address the Mayor added some remarks of a character highly eulogistic to the Army. He had known the Army, since its first advent to the town, at that time, as Chief of Police, he had ample opportunity of testing the value of the Army's work, and he has known many who were a trouble to the police, and disgrace to the city, whose characters had been completely reformed through the Army's efforts. He welcomed in his capacity of Mayor, as well as personally as a citizen, the Toronto wing of the Army to Hamilton.

There was tremendous applause as the Mayor concluded his address.

It was too late to have an afternoon meeting, and the troops marched to the barracks for rations.

At 7:30

A Huge Mass Meeting

took place outside the City Hall, where great interest was manifested. The Wesley Church was the scene of the night battle.

Night Meeting.

HAMILTON, 8 p. m.—A fitting prelude to the Musical Meeting which took the place of the Solemn Assembly in this city, was the life-and-glory open-air, led by Brigadier Scott on the Market Square. A unique pulpit of packing boxes and a wheelbarrow furnished a place of vantage to the speakers, among whom were Ensigns Blackburn, Macdonald, and Magee, the latter's pastor hat creating some amusement. Adjutant Manton's solo was well received, as was also Lieutenant Petit's song,

"The shelf behind the door."

A Quiet Corner on deck.

The Commandant, in a few happy remarks, endeavored to make everyone else feel as much at home as he did. After explanations as to the change in the program the real business of the evening began by singing song No. 1 in the song sheet, in which all were invited to join.

Major Complin's Solo,

No. 8, was well done, the full chorus coming in splendidly. Nos. 9 and 10 went well, Brigadier Margetts taking the solo in the former.

Brigadier de Barritt's appearance on the platform was the signal for calls of "Spanish solo!" which, however, were unavailing, as his intention was but to ask for a collection. While this was being taken up the Hamilton S. A. band played a very nice selection. The Commandant, in introducing them referred to the fact that in twelve years the S. A. had gathered together 14,000 bandsmen, none of whom used either liquor or tobacco. Some of these bands can compare favorably with any in the world. After the congregational singing of,

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,"

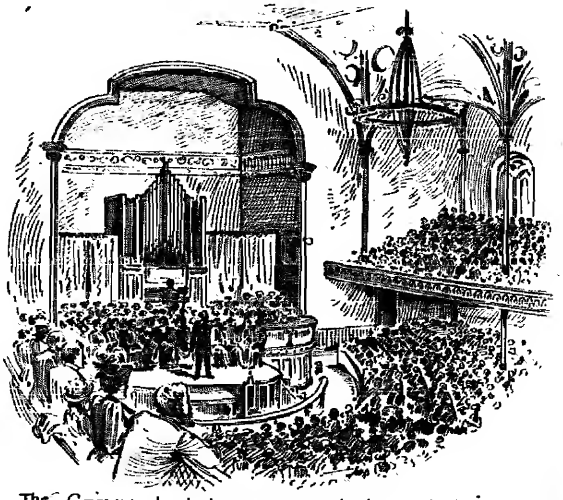
and,

"By-and-bye, Jesus will come,"

the Commandant prepared the way for the singing of No. 7 by telling a story in connection with his travels through England

With the "Life-Guards,"

a tour, during which eleven hundred souls professed conversion during eleven weeks. Among the Guards was a lad who was in charge of one of the brigades, who thought he would put the lads through some of their facings before the Commandant should arise, but in that he failed, for the latter arrived just in time to hear the leader say, in deep bass voice, "Men, attention! Throw out your *chestises*."



The Commandant leads a Musical Festival in Wesley Church, Hamilton.

An invitation chorus to sinners, then prayer, and away we go to

Wesley Church,

kindly loaned to us for our meeting. A ringing volley announced the arrival of the Commandant, who at once made himself at home, as few know better how to do.

Brigadier Scott led in prayer, then softly and sweetly those beautiful songs,

"Oh, Calvary!"

and,

"Oh, no, nothing do I bring!"

rolled up to God. Prayer by Brigadier Jacobs, then altogether, all over the unfold. ing, there rose that prayer set to music,

"Wash me in Thy blood, Saviour."

"So, now," said the Commandant, "everybody

Throw Out Your Chestises,

and sing No. 7."

Next, the story of a girl rescued from sin and shame in St. John, N.B., who died shortly after being reclaimed, was sung by Adjutant Manton, Commandant interjecting a few facts and figures as to the Rescue Work of the S. A. in Canada.

Major Complin, in his inimitable style, sang the WAR CRY song, which so delighted the audience that they insisted on having

"No join 'un!"

also.

The "Echo" choir sang,

"Say, shall we meet you all there?"

The entire company sang No. 59, after which prayer was offered by Brigadier Jacobs and Rev. Dr. Philp, pastor of the church.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,"

the S. A. national anthem, brought this intensely interesting meeting to a close. Everyone fire a volley for Hamilton.

IT WAS DAWN BEFORE THE PARTY HOMEWARD FROM HAMILTON REACHED THE STORE.

The Great Musical Festival

— AT THE —

MASSEY MUSIC HALL.

A Deluge of Harmony—Hundreds of Sanctified Voices.

"That beats all." Such was a Staff-officer's pronouncement when the great Musical Festival had become an accomplished fact. Imagine yourself seated in that crowded top gallery with the platform squarely facing you. Before you is a sight truly magnificent. Looking to right and inland upward the rich-tinted architecture of the Massey Hall first excites your admiration. Mose electric-lighted fret-worked arches span that lofty ceiling expanse, how beautiful! You blue sky back-ground before which the fretted arch seems to hang like an illuminated cloud in mid-heaven, what an achievement in architectural execution. You turn your eyes downward, past the top boxes with their blue plush upholstery to the sight which meets the eye on the immense platform. The central figure is, of course, the Commandant; he stands there, with raised baton, the magnetic pivot upon which the whole platform effect hinges. Near by sits Mrs. Booth, whose personality the *Empire* has recently brought so conspicuously before the Toronto public in Faith Fenton's pleasant writings. To your right, seated in a row, the inmates of the Children's Shelter, those little blue-eyed darlings, whose very weakness is the strongest claim on us, they sit there picturesquely attired in bright red with "God's own," worked in white across each little breast, and close by are a number of young women dressed in pure white: they are the matrons of the Rescued Sisters Home. To the right of them again a number of you—no, it cannot be, on an Army platform—yes, it is, fashionably attired belles, their costumes are in the main like, more than one person made the mistake of imagining these ladies to be a sort of friendly aristocratic brigade, whereas they were the "as you were" company.

To the left of the central figure is the brass band numbering some fifty players. Now take a sweeping glance across each of the ascending tiers of figures, and what a sight meets the eye! They say three thousand persons were in the hall, and about 500 of that number on the platform, the totals we did not count, but 'twas a bonnie sight. There was a solid hill of crimson-jacketed men on the left, their heads bedecked with turbans of various hues, they looked like—*the Salvation Army* (no other comparison admissible).

To the right were "the angels." It is no use blinking at it; the women of the Salvation Army for sweetness and purity of facial expression are not surpassed, and that right side view was a most charming one. Every lassie, at a given signal from the Commandant, had divested herself of the bonnet, and arrayed both head and bust in a dreamy drapery of pure muslin, Indian Chuddah style, and it was out of this gauzy, creamy halo that the sweet faces of the women looked.

At back and top of all, manipulating the organ keyboard, sat our musical doctor, Staff-Captain Fry.

To look round that beautiful hall from the platform to the many faces upturned in eager expectancy was a beautiful sight, and when the doxology was sung at the conclusion, after the Salvation Army's principles and practices had been so successfully displayed, I do not think anyone could have gone away disappointed; on the other hand there were heard many expressions of approval, such as, "That's what I call first-class," etc.

The song prayer, which opened the festival, is a touching song. The words, set to a part of that marvel of musical beauty, Sullivan's "Lost Chord," are,

Oh, Calvary, oh, Calvary, the thorn, the crown, the spear,
'Tis there, Thy love, my Jesus, in flowing wounds appear.
Oh, depths of love and mercy, to them dear wounds I flee;
I am a guilty sinner, but Jesus died for me.

Another most effective song-prayer was one published in the WAR CRY recently.

Wash me in Thy blood, Saviour,
While before Thy Cross I'm kneeling,
Wash me in Thy blood.

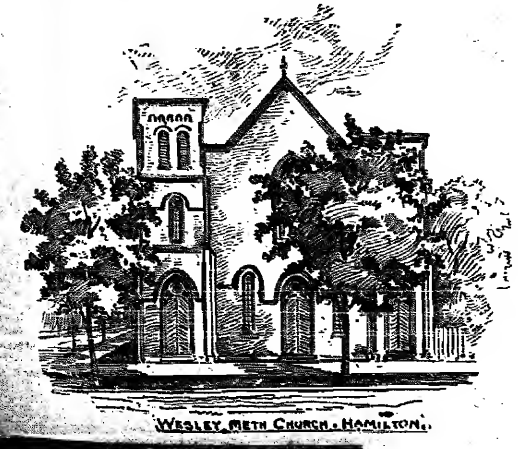
The part singing in both these selections was excellent.

A fine old Methodist tune, which is published in "Band Journal" 207, took in the resources of the whole orchestra next, and made a glorious sweep of harmony that crushed through the whole building. Next came a solo with a chorus, which went with a lilt,

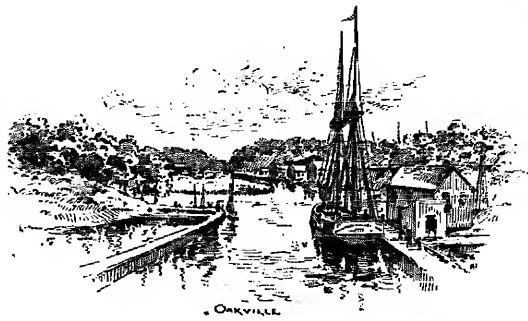
Jesus is my Saviour, my Saviour, my Saviour,
Jesus is my Saviour, He saves me all the time.

It is extremely unlikely that the individual who wrote the tune called "Charlie is my darling,' made the faintest idea that his tune would be appropriated for a religious service, yet so it was, and a very good tune for the purpose it is too.

The Mayor of Hamilton, reads an address of welcome to the Commandant.



WESLEY METH CHURCH, HAMILTON.



OAKVILLE.

Where the "Eurydice" called, on her trip to Hamilton.

Very beautiful was the sight as well as the song when the Rescue Matrons came forward, and, led by Ensign Cowan sang this pathetic song:

A little maiden at her mother's knee,
Emblem of childhood's sweet purity,
Head downward bending, voice lisps a prayer,
Safely she's sheltered by a mother's care.
Little that mother dreams that the years
Shortly will bring her a harvest of fears,
Little she dreams on some sad future day
Her darling girl will be drifting away.

CHORUS.

Drifting away from mother, drifting away from home,
Drifting where sin's wild breakers, sparkle and dash and foam.
Many a head that's aching under a laugh so gay,
Many a heart that's breaking, drifting away.

From that dear mother she went away,
Life's pleasures beckoning seemed bright and gay,
Onward and downward she wandered wide,
Onward and downward she wandered wide,
Strayed from the right path, a false friend to guide,
She found the brightness was but a false dream,
Dark, dark as midnight now did it seem,
With her heart breaking, filled with dismay,
Sadly she drifted, drifted away.

After the collection a telegraphic message (printed elsewhere) from His Excellency Lord Aberdeen was read amidst enthusiastic applause.

The cablegram from our noble General was also received with delighted appreciation.

I had made my way to the farthest top gallery when Mrs. Booth's turn to sing came. Lieutenant Ross, of the Lifeboat, took the first part in song 58, and Mrs. Booth replied. Neither wealth, fashion, or pleasure, all of which being presented as goals highly desirable of attainment, were sufficient to win the allegiance of "the child of a King." Mrs. Booth's singing is too well-known to need any comment here, only that we were glad to note that every word of Mrs. Booth's reply could be distinctly heard at that farthest point, her voice filling the vast auditorium with perfect ease.

The song runs thus:

Lieutenant Ross—
If you had but the wealth of this world as your own,
Oh, what rapture, indeed, you would see;
You could gather all gems, and search through all lore
You could travel all lands, and return with your store
Oh, how happy a soul you would be.

Mrs. Booth—
Wealth of this world delighting,
Are you my heart inviting?
Richer am I than all your gathered gold;
Farewell! farewell! farewell!
I've a treasure untold.
Farewell! farewell! farewell!
I've a treasure untold.

Lieutenant Ross—
You could build you a mansion of stone and of gems
With statues, and polished like glass;
You could walk o'er its lawns, and rest in its bowers,
And adorn your apparel with diamonds and flowers
Such as nothing on earth could surpass.

Mrs. Booth—

Fashion and culture charming,
Are you my soul disarming?
Richer adornment do I not procure?
Farewell! farewell! farewell!
My robes are pure.

Lieutenant Rose—

You could purchase both pictures and paintings so rare,
And surround you with children and friends:
And with music and song, and with dance could be gay,
And would fear for no want, and would dread no decay,
And your pleasures would never have end.

Mrs. Booth—

Pleasures on earth enticing,
You have no joy enticing;
Gladness have I, your toys can never bring.
Farewell! farewell! farewell!
I'm the child of a King.

Sergeant Brown" again scored a point in the WAR CRY song, taking a mighty leap from the platform to the floor when suddenly instructed to "Take that lady a CRY," etc.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, we may say that the Editor takes the position of Corps-Captain, and goes in to dispose of the WAR CRY in song.

"Bill Sikes," the typical WAR CRY conversion, will be written up for the benefit of CRY readers, by Captain Flossie Johnson.

The Social Wing carried the sway for sensationalism. Adjutant McMillan and his colleagues first appeared — nearly a dozen in number. There were the farm-hands, with their broad-brimmed straw hats, and the indispensible milkmaid, of course; there were also the Lifeboat hands, with white cook's caps, and general chef's attire. They carried an imitation loaf, about ten feet in circumference, and three feet high. Some of the Lifeboat hands were around with a huge knife, fork and spoon, each article measuring six feet; altogether they made an attractive group.

This was shortly after followed by a realistic object-lesson in Prison Gate Brigade work. A side door off the platform opened, fierce shouts were heard, a poor and apparently hungry man appears, his clothes are torn, in the struggle you infer; he has in his hand a loaf, a police officer in full uniform with his staff drawn has gripped the miscreant, cries of "stop thief" still re-echo from the corridor, a fierce scuffle ensues, the prisoner goes down two other times, finally the front of the stage is reached, then the prisoner, holding up the loaf turns a piteous look towards the policeman and sings

Don't run me, sir,
Don't run me in,
It's only a loaf, sir,
Taint any sin.
So with the tea-tyin',
The children are crying,
Don't run me in, sir,
Don't run me in.

At this juncture the officer of the Prison Gate Brigade appears on the scene.

"Give him another chance," he cries to the officer. "Let us have him."

"Why, what can you do with a fellow like him?" says the police officer, "Who are you?"

"I am the representative of the Salvation Army Prison Gate Brigade, we have a home for the men, and we will find him work and food and shelter, and give him a helping hand till some permanent situation is found for him."

"Will you, indeed! Then you shall have him. You can take the loaf and make it into soup, no doubt he is hungry." Wearing a look of gratitude the prisoner was thereupon marched off ostensibly to the Prison Gate Brigade Home, amidst the loudly expressed satisfaction of the public.

Much interest was excited by the pretty little group of Shelter children, which, under Ensign Tierney's direction, sang such simple songs as,

Glory to God for the gift of His Son,
Glory to Jesus for what He has done;
Pardoned my sins, hallelujah, I'm free,
Now I love Jesus, and Jesus loves me.

Oh, I'm happy in the Shelter,
Oh, I'm happy in the Shelter,
Yes, I'm happy in the Shelter,
As the days go by.

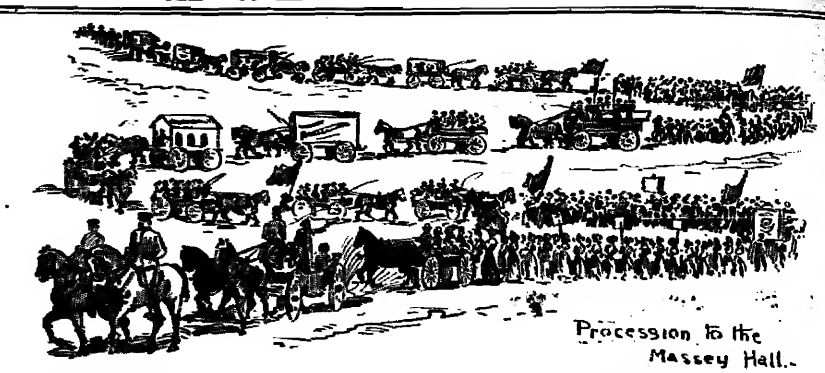
Oh, I love the Saviour's name,
Oh, I love the Saviour's name.
So do I, so do I,
So do I, so do I.
I love the Saviour's name.

Most of the children looked healthy, but one of those wee things is only barely recovering from the hereditary taint of whiskey. The little thing was born thirsty, and has suffered much on account of its inborn thirst for drink. What a joy to see the innocent little thing transplanted to the heavenly atmosphere of the Children's Home, in the place of the old surroundings odorous with whiskey.

The Army now has around the Canadian territory a nice little fleet of salvation craft.

This was represented by a brigade of sailors, bonnie Jack Tars they looked too. Their song was,

Out in the lifeboat speeding,
Over the sea of time:
Storm and tempest unheeding,
Kept by a hand divine.
On to rescue the dying
From depths of endless woe;
The Colors of Calvary flying,
In Jesus' name we go.



Procession to the Massey Hall.

CHORUS.

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes;
While on the stormy billows,
I can sing from all care set free,
For Jesus is now my refuge
As I sail on life's troubled sea.

Throughout the Festival, the Commandant's manipulation of his vast choir was excellent. First there would be a grand crash of all voices, treble, alto, tenor, bass, and the great hall would fill with sound like a bell, then the bass, with their first and second parts, would be heard now softly, now loudly, now quickly, now slowly, the words with almost spoken distinctness; then would fall in the "heavy dragoons," reverberating bumps and high tenors, then the "light brigade," the "heavy dragoons," and all the other "daughters of music" rushed up like the charge of the old guard at Waterloo, falling back again into broken fragments of music, which again were picked up into a general charge of the whole column. Especially was this the case with that salvation gallop, the words of which were written years ago by Commissioner Railton:

Oh, every loaf is filled with sin,
But the Salvation Army's bound to win,
Right away, right away, right away, right away.

CHORUS.

We mean to fight for Jesus,
We will, we will,
In every land we'll take our stand
And live and die for Jesus;
We will, we will,
We'll live and die for Jesus.

We care for nothing but saving souls,
And, by God's help, we'll have them by shoals.

We'll bring the women right out in the front,
And make the cowards and the doubters hunt.

The last on the program was the old coronation song.

"All hail the power."

This glorious and time-honored selection was rendered with the full strength of the entire choir to a tune which, although old, was new to many of us—one of those worthy old tunes which give scope to the compass of every voice and opportunity for the bringing up of the basses every now and again at full trot.

The whole formed a splendid wind up to the great Congress and the re-echo of those glorious melodies will no doubt be heard in many a lonely officer's quarters up and down this great continent—echoes which, like the warblings of the birds, will speak cheerily to many a tired officer who, in his own little corner, is bravely bearing aloft the colors of the Army and crying to himself and his comrades as he foots it bravely up the mountain difficulty, "Excelsior!"

THE GREAT MARCH

— TO THE —

Massey Music Hall.

This memorable procession was indeed illuminated, not with flaming torches, or Chinese lanterns, but with the clear light of the close of the golden day.

The muster was held on University Street, where the well-organized forces fell into line, forming up in all sweet temper under the spreading branches of the chesnut trees, where the hilarious children of St. John's Ward fairly shrieked around as they danced to and fro on their bare toes.

On route for the Music Hall the march took in the most populous portion of the city. Starting on one side of University Street, the troops circled round, and headed through the centre of the avenue, by Queen, York, King, and Yonge streets, to Shuter, and so into the Hall, to the edification and amusement of the spectators, who thickly lined both edges of the sidewalk.

First in order of procession appeared the Provincial leaders, mounted with high-toned dignity upon spirited chargers. Their noble steeds apparently desired to prove that they also were not above gracefully dancing a Newfoundland hoe-down upon occasion.

The Commandant and Mrs. Booth, in the chariot of war, headed the march, after the advance guard. On either side of the war chariot marched a contingent of the field officers.

Brigadier de Barritt was supposed to fall in behind the chariot, but as a matter of fact it is hard to say where he was not.

The succession of corps dramatically representing the various branches and departments of the work, excelled anticipation. The different Homes were all in evidence—the Rescue, the Social, the Farm, the Trade, etc., etc.

The bands were not equal to the number we expected, but the quality of their music was A-"1" in its merry, inspiring excellence.

After the position where Brigadier de Barritt rode in Spanish state—when he was not somewhere else—the League of Mercy closely followed Mrs. Booth as she smiled from the carriage.

The Rescue officers in pure white, with a red-worked Rescue motto, pictured their own mission.

Major Morris on horseback, might have been a typical Englishman, with the simple-hearted, sweet-tempered faith of Newfoundland added.

In many instances the car that attracted the kindest comment from everyone, was that of the Children's Shelter—the little white-necked, red-frocked things looked as babyprotty in their fair simple innocence, attended by their devoted officers.

Next in order of attraction, was the car supposed to represent the interior of a drunkard's house, with a set of topers drinking and carousing, with bottle and glass. This was an "As you were" company, with the conspicuous notice—

"Before We Joined 'Em."

Around this dramatic spectacle the small boys swarmed.

Our Social Farm and the trade operations with the co-operative store each had their individual peculiarity portrayed.

Downcourt corps was there. Also a cart-load of bouncy, singing Junior soldiers, beating the drum with a big tin spoon.

A graceful boat, mounted on a rig, and accompanied by a crew of sturdy, jolly Jack Tars, in large white sailor collars, and orthodox sailor hats and blouses, was singularly impressive. This represents our growing Salvation Navy.

Lippincott Training Home, and Lisgar Street Garrison were to the front.

Barrie sported a big handsome banner, with an inscription for all to read.

Yorkville followed suit.

Lindsay's banner attracted attention.

The man-officers marched behind, then all the soldiers. Everybody smiled, and with the majority the irrepressible smile developed into a broad laugh. The Temple brass band brought up the rear.

NAVAL BRIGADE.

Sarnia.—Thank God, we are still marching on to victory. The authorities of this town marched us off the street corner this week, but not before we had fired some effective shots into the devil's ranks, but SIX precious souls have sought and found the Saviour within the last few weeks. To God be all the glory.—Captain AGGIE MCINTYRE.

We are extremely pleased with the WAR CRY. We read its contents with eagerness. —Mrs. Ensign MITCHELL.

CALLED TO HIGHER SERVICE.

Private Mrs. Anson Wheeler.

TWEED. — Death, which sometimes comes unexpected, visited our corps on June 8th and took from us a brave and faithful comrade, Sister Mrs. Wheeler.

Some eight years ago she sought God at a Salvation Army penitent-form, and being loyal and true has finished her course with joy. She was a faithful and devoted soldier and was highly respected by both saved and unsaved. She was always a joy in company, a soldier in obedience, a child in spirit, and a conqueror in principal. It was her delight to attend the meetings and to minister to the needs of her officers.

Tweed has lost a soldier, Brother Wheeler and family, a devoted wife and mother. Yet we know our loss is heaven's gain, and one more has gone to swell that innumerable company that John saw, who have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb.

Two months ago the hand of affliction was laid upon her. While our comrade seemed to linger hope remained, yet God knew best and at the last death came quickly. Those who visited her during her illness were blessed and inspired by her patient and devoted spirit, while she said to those in health and strength she would not exchange places with them for all her suffering for Jesus was so near.

On Sunday, June 10th, we gave her an Army funeral, conducted by Ensign Coombs, of Ottawa. The Service at the house was very impressive, when some 60 vehicles formed in procession to the barracks, where service was led, thence to the cemetery.

On Monday evening, a memorial service was held, when two souls sought our sister's God. M. S.

Chatham, P.E.I.—People having but one ambition, and that the all-absorbing desire to extend the Kingdom of God, do not stop short of doing their utmost to push men into the Kingdom. As in most places in the Dominion, the warm weather here, brings its disadvantages and difficulties. But it also brings advantages, which a true Salvationist is not slow to recognize, lay hold of, and put to the best use for the Kingdom's sake. In this place, a grand opportunity for the masses, presents itself to us during the summer months in the way of open-air meetings. We have already held some splendid outdoor meetings. What with soldiers whose hearts are filled with the love of Christ, and whose sympathy is aroused by the conditions of the ungodly, we are believing for wonderful times of power and soul-saving. God has already displayed His power. Since we took charge, quite a number have been brought into the Kingdom. Converts doing nicely, taking their places as fighting soldiers to bring others to God.—Captain MELLEN.

Vancouver.—Things are moving in this place, and stirring, especially the snow in the mountains; it has moved so fast with the few hot days that we have had that the Fraser river has become a mighty torrent, and is inundating the country. Clover Valley and Chilliwack are all flooded, houses floating about, and people homeless. There has been also great damage done to the C. P. R., so that we have had no Eastern mails since the 23rd, and don't know when we shall get any; and the consequence is, that we have not had any WAR CRYS for two weeks; but whether the CRYS come or not, the war is going on all the same, and sinners are coming to God. On Monday night there were THREE.

Captain Patton and Lieut. Thomas were over from Nanaimo to have a swing at the Satanic Majesty, and to shake hands with Ensign Rennie before she left for the East, as she started on Monday, June 4th, as the representative of this Province to the grand Jubilee meetings in London, England, and we all join in bidding her God-speed. British Columbia will be well represented, but we are sorry to lose Ensign Rennie, and this correspondent says, God bless her wherever she goes, but we expect her back.—ELI HIGGINS, Special Correspondent.

Regulation Uniform.

According to the Final Decision

OF THE

WOMEN OFFICERS OF THE STAFF AND FIELD IN COUNCIL

WITH

MRS. BOOTH.

Mrs. General Booth, our minted Army Mother, loved the uniform. If for no other reason, we love it, too. But beyond and above all else, we desire to let our light shine; we wish to be separate from the world, and to acknowledge even by our garments that we have taken upon ourselves the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Whilst a comfortable company gathered together in the Jubilee Hall on Friday morning, nevertheless there were a considerable number of our sister-officers, who were not privileged to take part in the minuted discussion which engrossed those fool morning hours.

For the benefit of some who from various causes were unable to be present, or to hear this important subject threshed out, we condense the sum and substance of the whole.

Mrs. Booth commenced with a few practical remarks about the advisability—in fact, the *necessity*, for "UNIFORMITY OF UNIFORM," especially among officers, and the far-reaching effect of the spirit that constantly regards the Army as a great united family, with each individual member standing shoulder to shoulder with the rest, and all working together towards one common centre.

Do you believe in the Salvation Army—wear its colors? Then FIGHT FOR IT!

Do you believe in the principle of wearing uniform? Then *wear it!*

"Let us begin at the head and go downward," continued Mrs. Booth.

It is impossible to report all that was said, but we herewith give the pith of the whole matter:

BONNETS.

Let us keep to the bonnet on every possible occasion, and especially on the platform. At all indoor meetings it should be worn. Mrs. General Booth arranged and designed it for the lassies herself. Let us hold to it through thick and thin. For the hot summer months a special make of a thin quality from the States will shortly be on hand at the Headquarters. These will shield the forehead, and be cool and light.

The bonnet should be trimmed, as usual, with blue silk—not black—and no red trimming of any sort, except the regulation Salvation Army band. The silk should be hat on simply, and not too full, with blue strings. *(See H. Q. bonnets ready trimmed.)*

THE HAIR

should be worn simply brushed back, with a knot at the back of the head, but no twist or fussy arrangement at the top.

WAISTS.

These should be either plain "Norfolks" or "speaking" jackets. No other than these in the future will be uniform.

They should be blue, either serge, merino, or cashmere (or sateen for the Norfolk in hot days). Braid and S.S's., according to rank should always be worn.

If the SPEAKING JACKET is preferred, it should be three-quarters' length, single-breasted, no revers, with one row of buttons of the same color and material. It should be worn closed, either in meetings or elsewhere. The latter refers to all, but more especially to single officers. The collar may be either stand-up or turn-down, according to taste. These must be no unnecessary pleating or fulness at the back, although the whole is semi-fitting.

If the NORFOLK JACKET is worn it should be plain, with two bands, and a row of buttons in the centre to match the color of waist; if there is any difficulty about obtaining the color, they can always be covered with the same stuff. Nothing in the way of fancy or shiny pearl buttons is permissible. This also in future will be contrary to uniform. A plain waist-band of the same material should be added, not worked in any way. *Blue* is the color in every case preferred. The shoulder straps should not be bound. Norfolk Jackets for Social Officers with the lettered shoulder-straps.

WATCH CHAINS are to be severely let alone; a plain watch-cord answers all purposes.

FOR THE NECK, either white collars or cord, or handkerchiefs are allowable, according to the taste of the wearer—but no frilling. White ribbon bows are not uniform. No high sleeves, of course. It is unnecessary to add this remark. These are intolerable always.

SKIRTS.

Blue again—not black—is the one uniform shade. Material: serge in winter, cashmere or merino for summer, and sateen for the Norfolks in hot days—no spots or figures. They should be plain and simple, with the fulness all to the back, long enough just to clear the ground.

COATS.

These should be plain and loose fitting, with a cape—as sold at Headquarters. For winter wear, they may be made warm and comfortable with a lining of wadding. This will be found very effectual in keeping out the cold. They may be black or blue. The same may be said as to the mackintosh for wet weather, when great care should be taken to see that the feet are well-shod, wearing rubbers, and no thin shoes or slippers for the march, to sow the seed of endless trouble in the future.

The hearty willingness with which the officers promised together to abide by the regulation decided on was very noticeable.

After the business of what to wear was satisfactorily disposed of, came the ceremony of commissioning the Cadets.

The flag of many a fight waved over the head of those who were commencing the journey, and then the older time-tried officers rose to their feet with fixed bayonets beneath the colors, also, vowing together to fight before God with all sincerity and earnestness of purpose, with unity of spirit:

"We'll be True, Lord, to Thee!"

True to God, true to our vows, true to our General, our leaders, our comrades. Aye, and true to the perishing world.

A Telegraphic Message

— FROM —

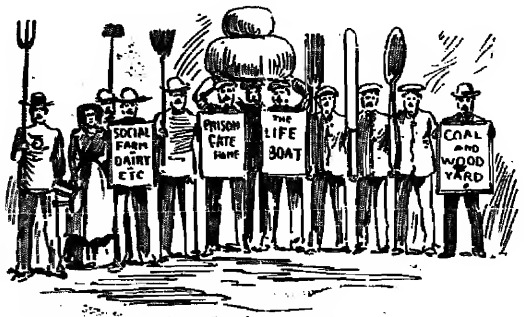
HIS EXCELLENCY, LORD ABERDEEN,

Publicly Read by the Commandant amidst Hearty Enthusiasm at the Massey Music Hall Festival, June 21st.

To Salvation Army,—

Salvation Army meeting, accept and convey my thanks for cordial invitation to this evening meeting, and hearty good wishes for success of the gathering, and also for continuance and extension of the Salvation Army's influence in the cause of religion, philanthropy and order.

ABERDEEN,
Governor General.



Members of the Social Wing

The Mother of Captain McKean writes a Few Words of Testimony.

Collingwood.—It is now about four months since I was called to the Salvation Army Home of Rest, Toronto, to nurse and care for my dear daughter, Captain Abbie McKean. After several months' lingering illness she sweetly passed away to receive the reward that awaits all the children of God.

During my stay at the Home of Rest I was often led to exclaim, "Thank God, it is good to be here!" I may say with heartfelt gratitude that we were both treated with loving kindness amidst all our surroundings, and although I have been bereaved of three dear children during the last few months, I can thank God and my I have every confidence that they are all safely landed on the Celestial Shore; may we all live to the honor and glory of God that we shall joyfully meet our dear ones again.

Christ to trust and Christ to know,
Constitutes our bliss below,
Christ to see and Christ to love,
Constitutes our bliss above.

MRS. JOHN CLARKSON.

Fredericton, N.B.—Captain Byers in command. God has given us the following victories during the past week: Monday night, Cadets meeting, nine souls for salvation; Thursday, Soldiers meeting, sixty present; Corps in good spirits; Wednesday night, public meeting, three souls saved; Thursday, special meeting, a packed hall, one for holiness and one for salvation.

Cadets Lecocq and Kenway, the hallelujah twin, appeared in their navy uniforms. Cadet Lecocq gave a sketch of his life and how he came to join the Salvation Army.

Friday Holiness meeting four for the blessing of a clean heart and four for salvation. Saturday, while visiting, one soul saved. Sunday, 7 a.m., two souls for salvation; 11 a.m., three for a clean heart and two for mercy; 3 p.m., three for salvation; 8 p.m., five souls knelt at Jesus' blessed feet for mercy.—G. N. ROONEY.

A LITTLE MORE ABOUT THE HAMILTON TRIP.

The number we expected on the boat was 300; we had 560.

Several rigs were hired, so that the sisters could ride from the wharf. Every one of these was filled and joined in the procession.

Major Morris was in charge of the arrangements on the boat, and Brigadier de Barritt took the reins when they stepped on *terra firma* at Hamilton.

The Mayor came to the wharf three times to welcome the Commandant as the boat was late.

The procession was the largest that has been seen in Hamilton for years, and quite filled the Market Square.

Nearly every Toronto corps was represented at that march, followed by the tea at the barracks. The tea was to help Ensign Aikenhead with her fare to the Old Country.

The night march home was a most blessed one; about 700 persons in it; and such was the order and promptitude, that in ten minutes that number was on board, and in three minutes more we weighed anchor.

On the way down to the boat we had a war dance.

Many of the Hamilton soldiers and friends went to the wharf with us, although it was getting very late then.

Barrie and Lindsay corps and districts carried large banners that they had made, and brought all the way, too, from those places. We intended to have torches, but they had all been burned out on the camp ground.

I heard not a wrong word along the march. All seemed friendly, and wished us well.

The journey back was very pleasant; sea as calm as a lake; little rolling. Most folks tired out; one Brigadier asleep in the sail cloth; another on a form, where another man from the East disputed his right to that spot. Being of a persuasive nature, he got his brother on the floor, and they shared the floor and the form by turns.

Ensign Watson seemed to be having a musical rehearsal for the coming night, and several vocalists lost their voices on the same trip.

At 5 a.m. we sighted the dear old city of Toronto, and found that some horse cars were in waiting. In a few minutes we had separated, a tired-out, but very happy and well-contented party.

Lindsay.—The work here is still going on. Backsliders are coming home. The comrades hold on well while we were at the Congress. Four knelt at the Cross for pardon while we were away. We had a blessed time at the Congress. May they spread right throughout the Dominion.—Ensign AYRE.

Calgary.—Jesus is leading, and we are keeping close to Him. Yesterday, good meetings all day. I noticed we had forty-five testimonies in half an hour, besides a number of choruses. We are in for victory on the Lord's side. TWO souls since last report.—Captain M. COWAN and Lieutenant KERR.

Morrisburg.—A heavenly breeze was wafted into our midst as Lieutenant Bearshall arrived fresh from the "glory shop" in Toronto. He treated us to quite a nice little jig while we were singing the first song,

"I do believe it."

Then he told us of the blessed meetings held, and of the glorious victories achieved at the Congress.

And while the meeting was going on we were surprised to hear him call out in his loudest and most earnest tones, "Mag-gie, Mag-gie."

Everybody tittered. However, he soon dispelled the peculiar thoughts from our minds as he informed us that Major Complin had composed a WAR CRY song to the tune of "Mag-gie, the cows are in the corn," and he was going to sing it for us. To say the least, it went with a swing. The WAR CRY Sergeant got a move on that night, I assure you.

Captain Brindley, this week, is collecting for the purpose to get our barracks thoroughly cleaned and fixed up in Army style, and we hope soon to be able to say that we have a proper S. A. barracks at Morrisburg.—BRETT WHITEHEAD.

MRS. BOOTH IN COUNCIL

WITH THE

Women Officers.

"KNOWING IS LOVING, AND LOVING IS DOING."

Friday Morning.

To those who were privileged to be present it would almost seem as if the best of the series had been kept to the last, as we clustered closely around Mrs. Booth in the cool Jubilee hall, with the nice brown oak staining and the nutty scent of the new wood.

After the great demonstration the previous night in the Massey Music Hall, it was very pleasant to sit quietly and listen to the soft, melodious voice of our leader as, with words of comfort, counsel and wisdom, she lovingly encouraged the lassies, at the point of departure for their stations, from end to end of Christian Canada.

The breeze blew in through the open windows upon as sweet and noble a company of hero-warriors as could be found the wide world over, whilst for a couple of hours they drew breath before the coming months of contest before them.

"I dare, Lord, I dare do all for Thee."

This was the first song, and who can ever realize until the Judgment Day the amount of daring that had been accomplished individually amongst this company of women, before they could stand in their present enviable position, in possession each of her own platform, risen above the advice of the world, the flesh and the devil.

What Agony of Heart!

What tears almost of blood had been wrung out as at first each had dared—not cannon and bullet, not sticks and stones, not often imprisonment, yet scarcely one but had dared to drink that bitter cup of mother's wrath, or father's frown, or friend's contempt. What torture keener than this to the sensitive, affectionate, clinging woman-heart?

But with a consciousness of the sympathy of the Man of Sorrows—despised and rejected—they had dared do all and win.

None could doubt but that in every throb of pain they had suffered Mrs. Booth could bear a part. Tears of sympathy were in her voice as again and again she led the song—

"I dare, Lord, I dare do all for Thee."

She dwelt, in between the verses, with pathetic earnestness on the constant spirit of sacrifice we women of the Army need to cultivate, right through the chapter to the end.

Such variety of courage is needed, too. Some, however brave on the platform before the crowd, will not dare to face a comrade frankly, and warn them of the fault which is sapping their spiritual force away. This is by no means an easy task. A great deal of it must fall to our leader's lot—it would be very easy to shrink back from it, instead of kindly taking up

The Surgical Knife

and letting that do its painful work, before the healing process can begin.

You may always find plenty of people who are ready to discuss the faults of others with great discernment behind their backs, but the courage that faces them in affection and honest truth is rarely to be seen.

Others have not the courage that will endure humbly to be told of short-comings; directly it is hinted to them that are not quite right, they fly off—they become hot and touchy.

Do you dare to tell others of their faults no matter what people think of you?

Do you dare to be found with your own deficiencies, however much it may hurt?

"I dare, Lord, I dare do all for Thee."

The old chorus seemed to take a new meaning, and sealed some vows for the future, spoken only to God.

Mrs. Booth said how her heart had been cheered with the

Willing Spirit

of the officers all through the Congress.

To an old tune we sang the new refrain—

"More about Jesus, about Jesus Whom I love."

Ensign Cowan, who, we regret to say, had scarcely strength to attend any of the meetings, prayed that we might each one be so inspired that even here we should live and walk in the light of heaven as to be the mouthpiece of Christ, constantly shining and showing forth His character.

How earnestly the assembly re-echoed the prayer that there might be no influence checking the Holy Spirit,

No Sin in the Camp,

and that the Lord would make us so holy and true as indeed we wish to be, that we may truly glorify Christ, and Christ alone!

Mrs. Margetts was there. Her two little boys no doubt were wishing the meeting would not detain their mother away from them very long. She gave out song 224.

"We'll be heroes, we'll be heroes."

Then Mrs. Margetts introduced a speech full of solid, spiritual force, by remarking how when Mrs. Booth called on her to speak, she felt a little bit "dropt on," for she had slipped in hoping to sit in a quiet corner and get a blessing to her own soul.

She explained how cordially she could enter in to the feelings of officers, describing her own experience in the years when she was a Field officer, coming up to many and many a council and big go, with all the burden of the needs of her soldiers upon her heart, longing to be blessed herself, that she might go back and be a blessing to others. Oh, the vows she made at times after time she would get fresh light on some weak spot in her experience. The same power that enabled her to make the resolutions then has assisted her to keep them ever since.

God would help those who silently were praying. "Oh, Lord, make me

What I Ought to Be,"

as they determined. "I will watch more tenderly over that soul. I will deal faithfully with each a one. I will live up to the light I have." Then, so doing, with next council they will come up full of the song of victory.

Mrs. Booth, amongst many other things, spoke of the beauty of the spirit that is teachable and willing to learn. There are none of us so perfect that we may not be learning more and more, and growing more and more all the time. Let us be willing to be told of anything. She mentioned the case of a girl whose Captain had been obliged to bring her to book about a little matter. She was really a good girl, but she cried nearly the whole afternoon about it. Afterward the Captain asked her:

"Didn't you like me speaking to you about that?"

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed. "I was only too pleased to have you tell me—only I was so sorry and grieved to have given occasion for it to be necessary to speak of it."

"Oh," thought Mrs. Booth, "that is the mark of disposition which is likely to develop and improve."

Some open-hearted testimonies followed and prayerful singing.

Mrs. Booth continued to speak of the absolute necessity for the life to be right in every particular behind the scenes, if we are to have

Any Grip on the People,

otherwise there is certain not to be much fruit. What are you at home—what is your spirit? You may only be in some tiny little place—never mind, there are some souls there.

"I speak of the things I do know," repeated Mrs. Booth, "and the closer I walk with God the more power I have." She contrasted the happy, smiling, Salvation experience with that which is constantly taking fits of going down into the dumps. "Oh! somebody says, *I can't smile!*" Because circumstances are provoking, their experience goes down into the valley.

An infidel was once asked why he did not believe in God? He excused himself, as usual, by pointing to the inconsistencies of professors.

"Show me a man," he said, "who, when he is in trouble, does not sigh and moan like the rest of the world."

In spite of difficulties let us show the sinners a beaming face; so then they will believe in our religion. Hallelujah!

"Lord, I believe, Lord, I believe;
Saviour, raise my faith in Thee till it can move a mountain."

More testimony, more song: and more practical comment by Mrs. Booth.

Everyone agreed when a sister expressed her desire that we might not only put in our time, but put in

A God-Glorifying Time.

Mrs. Booth repeated the touching little incident of the sick child, who was obliged to remain constantly in his chair by the window, whilst his mother went to work all day. His little heart was so full of love to Jesus that he wanted to do something to extend the Kingdom. At last he hit on a plan. He asked his mother to let him spend the money for his milk. She allowed him to have his own way. With the money saved he bought some paper, and wrote texts upon it; these he threw down out of the window that the people passing by might read them.

At last a gentleman, looking up to see where the text came from, discovered the room of the little cripple. He soon found out the whole story. He asked the boy the secret of his sacrifice, and why people, who had so much more than he had, gave so grudgingly of their store.

"Oh, sir," said the dear little fellow, "it's because they don't *know* Him; FOR KNOWING IS LOVING, AND LOVING IS DOING, and, after all, it ain't much to give up!"

Again more testimonies and song. We all desired, as one sister put it, we might be a sign-post pointing to God, that everybody might see from us the path that leads to heaven; and, as another one said, under all circumstances we might have a heart running over with love, and that the smile of our Saviour should be so necessary to us, our hearts must break if we forfeited it for one moment.

Mrs. Booth continued to speak with true heart-to-heart language, and soul-touching voice:

"I love you!" she said;

"I Love You!"

and her looks added "Amen" to her words.

Our leader spoke of the fact that the women-officers of the Social Wing almost want to monopolize her, as if she only belonged to them, and though, truly they do take up a great deal of her time, as a matter of fact, nevertheless, she said: "*I'm the mother of you all.*" (Cheers and tumult.)

Mrs. Booth described how her little son came running to plead with her to take him too this morning. Sometimes when she is going from home, she will say, "Now, Victor, you must not forget mamma while I am away." "No!" says the little fellow, and until she returns, his first question in the morning is: "Where's mamma?" and at night: "When's mamma coming?" Though some of the field officers are very far away, we must not forget her. ("Oh, no!") We must pray for her sometimes. ("Oh, yes!")

Mrs. Booth longed that we might all be women with BIG SOULS, with broad, large, beautiful spirits; that we must never be content with little narrow hearts, or get into the habit of mistrusting the people around us.

The Commandant and Mrs. Booth are always discussing together how best they can promote the highest happiness of the officers, and the success of the war, never hesitating to sacrifice time or trouble or sleep—their whole lives, in fact.

"We love you; we love you!" repeated Mrs. Booth.

The truest kindness is not the sort that

Goes Round with the Jam-Pot

all the time. ("Oh, no!")

The necessity for prayer was insisted on. Do you pray as much as you used to do? Not merely in the barracks, or even with the Lieutenant; but do you pray as you used to when you are alone? How much do you read your Bible? Do you say, "Oh, I have been so busy. I haven't time to pray very much in the rush and bustle!"

Oh, the wisest and best way is to stop and pray first!

Just recently we stood by the coffin of dear Captain McKean, who has gone from our midst never to return. As we looked at her sweet face, we realised that we, too, will soon be stiff and cold in death. How will our work stand then? Will it be like the work of the hireling, who, immediately the clock strikes six, throws down his tools and takes his hat; or do we delight to put in a little overtime for Jesus? How do we go to our visiting, our meetings? Do we start determined that we *must* have success if we die for it?

Here followed a great deal of sound practical advice, especially applicable to officers, and which we cannot very well reproduce in this brief report; but we venture to assert that much of what was said has sunk so deeply into the hearts of the hearers, that it will never be forgotten.

The subject of

Uniform

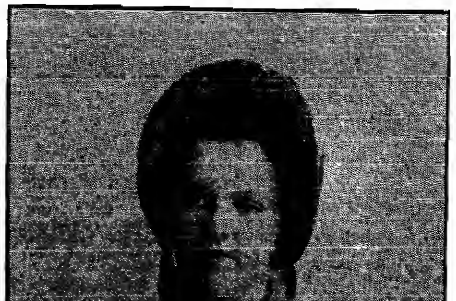
was thoroughly and minutely discussed.

A column or two will be devoted later on to this intensely interesting subject, with full particulars as to what is regulation and what is not.

The commissioning of several Cadets brought the long morning right into the hours of afternoon.

North Sydney.—We are having good times in this part of the vineyard. One of our comrades farewelled for the field, and is now going through his training. Also some have got saved among them; a captain and his steward. The steward had never been to an Army meeting before, and always tried to hinder his mother and sisters from going when home in Ireland. There has indeed been a complete change in their lives. Praise God.—Captain ANDREWS.

OUR CANADIAN CONTRIBUTORS.



SERGEANT MAY LANG, Peterboro.

"I THANK GOD WHILE YOUNG I GAVE JESUS MY HEART."

I have never given a sketch of my life before, but being asked to do so I will, praying it shall be made a blessing to those who may read it.

When only a little girl I wanted to be good, and as far as the people could see I was good. I never went outwardly into sin as many do. I was always taught to go to church and Sunday school, the Methodist being the one we went to; but although I attended church and never did things that were very wrong, yet within my heart there was SIN, which had to be removed before I could enter heaven.

But thank God that when I was young there came a time in my life when I felt the need of a Saviour.

About two years and a half ago, in the Army barracks in Peterboro', I was led to cry to God to save me and make me His child, and thank God, when I asked Him He took my burden of sin away and set me on my way rejoicing. I felt I should take my place as a soldier. Although it was a great cross for one to put on the uniform and to take my stand for God, yet by His help I took my cross, determined to follow Christ. I was enrolled as a soldier to work for Him, and I praise Him. It is the happiest and best two years I ever spent. Jesus has been my helper at all times, and I thank Him to-day; He still keeps me living for Him, and my determination is to follow where He leads. I have only one desire, and that is that my time, my talents, and my whole life may be spent in the service of Jesus.—Yours living for Jesus, Sergeant MAY LANG.

Jesus I Will be Thine.

BY MAY LANG.

TUNE:—*Auld Lang Syne.*

Jesus more strength and courage give,
To a weak child of Thine;
Oh! help me nearer Thee to live,
Fill me with love divine.

CHORUS:

Oh! Saviour come, dear Saviour come,
And dwell within my heart;
Oh! wash away my every stain,
And blot my doubts depart.

Jesus, Thy soldier I will be,
Oh, come and live within;
Remove all wrong and set me free,
And cleanse me from all sin.

Lord, take my all and make it Thine,
Yes, Thine, and Thine alone;
Until my warfare here is o'er,
And Thou shall call me home.

God speed the good shi
peace and safe

NO, FOR BONNIE

What more in keeping
ality than that she should
plaintful of porridge befo
was—that last morning in

"Pure Scotch are you,
we queried.

"Yes," she said, as sh
clear eyes that somehow s
bells of her native land.

She paused a moment a
rich creamy milk from
into her plate.

"Aberdeen's my home
going now." (Only two s
the train should whist
Toronto.)

"How long have yo
country?" we asked furth

"Five and a half yea
nine stations."

"Chiefly in the Northw

"Five in Manitoba and
ish Columbia and Ontario

"And have you been h

"Happy? Oh, yes, ver

In her voice there was
rise and fall that marks th
so quaintly.

"You must have had
perience?"

"Yes, indeed, there ar
ing things I might tell yo
aside my mind to think of

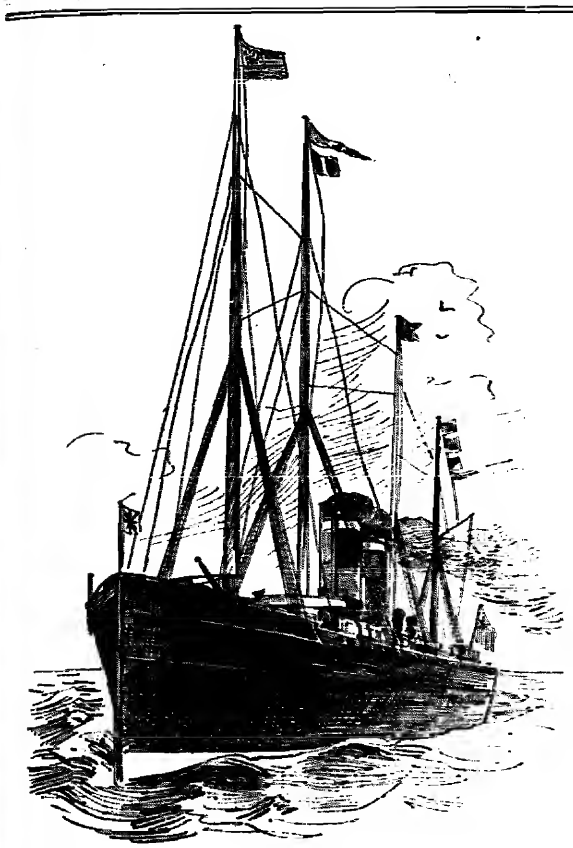
No one, to look at her
believe she was excited.
wouldn't be? Hurrying t
to catch a train, whilst be
at the point of the pencil.

"What corps were you
psalted.

"Prince Albert. I w
months. Twice we were
for three weeks we could
or any WAR CRIES all that
have any specials—the D.C
just once, that was all.
the town are beautiful. W
our quarters the mounted
twenty-three dollars, a
the town collected enou
store."

"You were not bother
difficulties, then?"

"Money? Oh, no!" w
of indifference for anythi



God speed the good ship "Parisian." May she carry our beloved comrades in peace and safety till they sight the white cliffs of Old England.

NO, FOR BONNIE SCOTLAND.

What more in keeping with her nationality than that she should be sitting with a plateful of porridge before her? So she was—that last morning in Toronto.

"Pure Scotch are you, Ensign Rennie?" we queried.

"Yes," she said, as she raised a pair of clear eyes that somehow suggested the blue hills of her native land.

She paused a moment as she poured the rich creamy milk from our Social Farm into her plate.

"Aberdeen's my home—it's there I'm going now." (Only two short hours before the train should whistle good-bye to Toronto.)

"How long have you been in this country?" we asked further.

"Five and a half years, and I've had nine stations."

"Chiefly in the Northwest?"

"Five in Manitoba and the rest in British Columbia and Ontario?"

"And have you been happy here?"

"Happy? Oh, yes, very happy."

In her voice there was just that slight rise and fall that marks the Scotch tongue so quaintly.

"You must have had some varied experience?"

"Yes, indeed, there are lots of interesting things I might tell you, but I cannot settle my mind to think of them now."

No one, to look at her quiet face, would believe she was excited, but then who wouldn't be? Hurrying through breakfast to catch a train, whilst being interviewed at the point of the pencil.

"What corps were you longest in?" we persisted.

"Prince Albert. I was there eleven months. Twice we were snowed right in, for three weeks we could not get any mail or any WAR CRYS all that time. We didn't have any specials—the D.O. came to see us just once, that was all. Oh, the people of the town are beautiful. When we furnished our quarters the mounted police alone gave us twenty-three dollars, and the boys of the town collected enough to buy us a stove."

"You were not bothered about money difficulties, then?"

"Money? Oh, no!" with a little shrug of indifference for anything so far beneath the notice of a Salvationist, "I've had full salary all the time."

"Well, but haven't you had any difficulty?"

The Ensign looked a bit puzzled. She set the spoon straight on her plate and meditated before she answered.

"One thing makes it rather difficult, is the congregation being such a moving one. Fresh people are constantly coming and going, especially the sailors.

It must be a little trying to have your audience get soundly converted at night only to sail away to the other end of nowhere the next morning. Still, even that may have advantages compared to preaching to the same old gospel-hardened crowd night after night, year in and out.

"Of course," she continued, "the congregations are chiefly men. I think lately out of seventy-four soldiers about a dozen were women—all the rest men. As to visiting, there has been a good deal of rain, and that makes it difficult."

"Of course you have open-airs?"

"Oh, yes; splendid ones, almost every night."

"What a long journey you have had to reach here."

"Yes; but I got reduced rates all the way. I came round by San Francisco and Chicago. Staff-Captain Milman and Brigadier Fielding arranged for me very kindly."

"What made you choose that long route?"

"The floods! You've read about them, haven't you?"

"Have the crops suffered?"

"I don't know very much about that; but all along the Fraser River I expect they must be washed out."

"And now you are going all the way to Scotland. Shall you see your mother?"

"No; I have no mother, it's my father I shall meet."

"Did you 'come out' from Canada?"

"No, no; I joined the Army twelve years ago. I was an officer at three stations before I sailed for this country. Mrs. de Barritt was over my Training Garrison."

"Good-bye."

"Come back again."

A party of nine Salvationists, who were fished up promiscuously for the specialling tour of Australia, altogether represented 134 years of active service for God. They were a happy family indeed!

A Proper Hallelujah Field Day at Victoria, B. C.

Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald in Command.

[This should have reached us earlier, but there has evidently been a delay on the line.]

The long-looked-for and much-spoken of holiday has come and gone, leaving in its train many and varied results, but the Salvationists of Victoria can look back with joyful hearts and thank God for giving them one of the most profitable and blessed days they ever spent together.

The morning dawned bright and clear, and towards nine o'clock uniformed Salvationists could be seen from all directions treading their way to the barracks, corner of Fort and Broad Streets, which was to be the rendezvous for soldiers and friends.

The brass band played on the corner to attract the stray wanderers who were roaming about the streets, and our dear secretary, Brother Cregan, stood ready to receive the well-filled baskets which were brought into his express.

The Victoria Electric Railway and Light Company provided us with a special car, but when at 9.30 it came along to pick us up, we found an addition in the shape of a "dummy" hooked on at the back, which they had kindly furnished for the bandsmen. In a few minutes, with a little squeezing, everybody was on board. The band struck up,

"So we'll roll the old chariot along,"

and off we went, spinning along up Fort Street, but when about half way up a hill the "chariot" came to a standstill. We descended the hill and started again, but it was of no avail.

"Not enough power," was the cry; so the bandsmen alighted and marched up. When the car arrived at the top, the "Jonahs," as they had been named, were picked up.

"All aboard" is sounded, and we started once more, rejoicing that the difficulties had been surmounted, but it was not for long. In the middle of

"Never say die,"

the "dummy" jumped the track, but our musical genii at the rear, with some believing and a little more pushing soon righted it, and we completed our journey without any more such adventures.

On arriving at our destination, we formed a march and made our way to the place where we usually hold our meeting. We have spent many "field days" at Oak Bay, but every year it seems to get more beautiful, and among all the resorts our city boasts of, this seems to be the spot nearest heaven to every Salvationist. The scenery is magnificent, indescribable, heavenly. Would that some artist's hand could send a sketch that would give our WAR CRY readers a faint idea of the beauty and grandeur of this lovely spot, for it is impossible to describe it in cold type.

Surely no soul God ever created could stand for a moment and survey the beauties of nature as we did that day without thanking Him for permitting us to live in such a beautiful world. There was not a ripple on the blue waters of the Bay; here and there could be seen little boats scudding along in and out amongst the many islands, both small and large, that are dotted about everywhere. On the largest of these could be seen, nestling in amongst the trees, the little huts of the Indians who, with their klootchmen and pappooses, live as happy as any earthly monarch.

Right opposite the shore lying in picturesque outline against the blue sky is the historical island of San Juan, which though the English rightly considered it as belonging to them, was ceded to the Americans. A long white streak shows us where the lime-kilns are which were formerly worked to a great extent. Away in the distance, in striking contrast to the back-ground of dark-green foliage, towers Mount Baker like a lone sentinel, the snows from off whose summit never melt all the year round.

Looking in another direction we see the snow-capped peaks of the Olympian ranges sparkling in the sunlight. The bay is divided into several miniature bays each different in its formation. One terminates in a smooth, sandy beach; another is studded with rocks and huge boulders, while rising out of the water is a ledge of rock on which the grass is always green. Beautiful mosses grow on many of the rocks, and in amongst them are little pools of clear sea-water, where the fish and crabs dart hither and thither. Pretty wild flowers of every color and description, abound everywhere, we are even compelled to trample them under our feet.

A little way from the shore a carriage drive extends round the beach, and on the other side of this is a large open space of green pasture, cariched by moss-covered rocks, bushes, and towering oak trees, from which the bay takes its name.

As in a much shorter time than it takes to read this, we glanced over it all, and then looked upward to where God's sun was shining, from a sky which had not a cloud to mar its deep blue, a prayer rose from our hearts to Him whose handiwork it was, that He would indeed help us to tell the crowds that would gather there merely for pleasure something that would incline their hearts unto Him.

By this time fully a thousand people were on the grounds. The march was led by the brass band, who, be it said to their credit, worked like trojans the whole day, despite the heat. A ring was formed and the people crowded round eager to listen.

Adjutant prayed and Mrs. Archibald gave out—

"Then awake, happy song."

After some prayer a lively testimony meeting was started, led by Adjutant. The testimonies came thick and fast, with some proper free-and-easy choruses in between.

A lassie soloed

"Oh, yes, there's salvation for you!"

and then our leader took the big drum, and laying it on the grass, began to tell of some of its many uses.

He, however, had barely got started, when money began to be showered upon it. "Why, he said, "somebody wants to use the drum for a collection basket."

In less than five minutes there was over six dollars thrown on. While the people were giving, the band played:

"A never-failing Friend,"

and then Adjutant called on some of the Christians standing around to have a few words.

Among the number was a leading Presbyterian minister of the city, who had travelled a great deal. He told us that when he first landed in China, the people there laughed at at him because he could not speak or understand the Chinese language, and he found that the same rule applied to English-speaking countries when foreigners landed there; that until people began to learn the language, they thought everything that was said to them was ridiculous. He then applied his experience in China to the first time he met the Salvation Army; but praised God that now he could "understand the language."

Mrs. Archibald spoke with her usual power, and a hush seemed to fall on all present.

Adjutant read and appealed to the hearts of the sinners.

A short prayer meeting was held, and we believe many were impressed with what they saw and heard.

The collection on the drumhead amounted to twenty-five dollars, which made the Treasurer's heart rejoice.

Another meeting was held, which will be reported in the *Young Soldier*.

We went back to the city to be in time for the march at half-past seven. Crowds flocked round the open-air at Campbell's Corner.

The inside meeting was a proper, go-ahead, hallelujah, free-and-easy, led by the Adjutant.

Everybody seemed bent on having a good time. Several soldiers were in the meeting from Vancouver, and we were especially glad to welcome some American friends from Seattle, Tacoma, Port Townsend, and Angeles. They all spoke of what God had done for them, and gave Him the glory.

Captain Maseecar and Mrs. Archibald each pleaded with the unsaved, and Adjutant took held, and invited them to come to the Saviour.

ANNIE REILLY, Special Correspondent.

THE LATEST
UP TO DATE.

Despatch from Canadian C.P. Contingent.—Salute comrades from s.s. "Parisian," St. Lawrence River. Eternally and temporarily,

"All's Well!"

Montreal comrades in force, headed by band, met party, escorted to wharf. We commenced together at God's altar, bade affectionate good-bye, boarded our ocean home, were berthed comfortably.

First day, magnificent scenery, high spirits; reached Quebec, found the warrior-woman, Ensign Mitchell; enjoyed hospitality; then with Adjutant Miller with dear old Army flag, Ensign Dowell with the drum, Staff-Captain Jewer with the cornet, and Staff-Captain Howell leading, a march of twelve, we headed up St. Jean through St. John's Gate, round in front of Y.M.C.A., and back again to barracks. Result, curiosity; where did so many Salvationists come from? People ran down the side streets, and formed on either side in astonishment to see such an infringement of the quietness; but before the devil could repel the raid upon his territory, we were back in the hall; not without the stentorian tones of Staff-Captain Jewer's voice first ringing down the St. Jean Street—as we slowly marched down the street—in clear, definite tones of testimony of the salvation of God, and the position of damnation for the unconverted. Each representative took the witness stand for God and right in the inside gathering. Clear were the sentences, certain the sound, conviction the result, salvation will come. Two brothers, one a Roman Catholic, and the other a-foretime Salvationist, kindly escorted us to boat, and night brought sleep to the just. High expectation for the C.P. Love and unity is our portion. Yours for ever!

PEGGAWAYER.

Our Australian contemporary says: "It is a sure sign that some flatheads in New Zealand have been converted lately, for the Trade Department there temporarily ran out of cops of nine seven."

GAZETTE.

MARRIED—

Captain Charles Allen, who came out from St. John, N.B. No. 1., November, 1888, to *Lieutenant Maud McKenzie*, who came out from Dartmouth, N.S., at Liverpool, on the 19th June. *Captain Allen* stationed at Liverpool; *McKenzie* last at St. John Rescue Home.

HERBERT H. BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Territorial Headquarters,
Toronto, Ontario.

THE WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

Brigadier Margetts will visit 'Chatham, Wednesday, July 4th; 'Dresden, Thursday, July 5th; Wallaceburg, Friday, July 6th; Windsor, Saturday and Sunday, July 7th and 8th; 'Essex, Monday, July 9th; 'Seaforth, Wednesday, July 11th; Wingham, Thursday, July 12th; Wyoming, Saturday, July 14th; Petrolea, Sunday, July 15; Watford, Monday, July 16th; Strathroy, Tuesday, July 17th.

'Half-nights of Prayer will be held at these places. Pray and believe for red hot salvation times.

CHEAP TRIP TO NIAGARA.

Toronto soldiers, officers and friends will journey to the falls, via., the Electric Railway and the magnificent boats of the N. S. N. G., on Monday, 16th of July. Boat leaves 7, late concern can catch the 9 boat. Camp Meetings. Brass band. Cheap refreshments. Persons wishing to stay over to the Camp Meeting can arrange to do so and return on the same ticket. Two wonders of the age. Meetings led by Brigadier and Mrs. de Barrigo and the Toronto Officers. Tickets: adults $1.25, children 65 cts.

He came not to call the Righteous but Sinners to repentance.

MRS. C. MCLEISTON.

TUNE—"*For mercy, mercy, oh, my God, or Christ receiveth sinful men.*" B J, 89, N. S. H. 93.

Is there any room for me
At the foot of Calvary's cross,
Who have sunk so deep in sin,
Or am I for ever lost?

CHORUS.

Will He take me back again,
Who have strayed so far from Him,
In the paths of deepest sin,
Will He take me back again.

I have trampled on His blood,
Disobeyed His precious word,
Grieved Him sore and caused Him pain,
Crowned Him with thorns again.

Can I dwell once more with Him,
Will He truly let me come,
May I touch His garment's hem,
And bow down before His throne.

2ND CHORUS.

Yes, we'll take thee back again,
From the path of sin and shame,
For the Lamb of Calvary's Cross
Came to seek and save the lost.

Territorial Headquarters.

NOON, 26th June, 1894.

A sense of lonesomeness and silence, that is almost uncanny, pervades the corridors of Headquarters, by contrast after the rush and tumult of the great June Congress. The hundreds of officers who, last week, were in possession, are scattered far and wide. Some have returned to their stations, large or little; some represent the Canadian C.P. Party on board the *Parisian*, bound for the International Centre. Whilst at the time of writing, the Commandant is superintending a "bee" of Headquarters Staff, who are striving with the sweat of their brow, to bring the Social Farm up to date—out in the fields HOEING POTATOES.

The Commandant, immediately after the Congress ended, was closed in behind that green baize door, *tete-a-tete* with several of his Provincial Officers individually, including Brigadier Scott, Major Read, and all day on Saturday with Brigadier Margetts, discussing the essential particulars of the war in each domain.

The Commandant on Monday was absorbed in an overwhelming mass of correspondence, which perforce accumulated during the Councils.

The Co-Operative Store, the Workmen's Shelter, and the Woodyard were also inspected by him.

By seven a.m. Tuesday morning, bright and early, the Commandant was away to the Farm, paying his best respects to "mother earth," in the attitude of the man who hoes potatoes, determined apparently that none others shall surpass our Social-grown potatoes. During the entire day he toiled, with a flying visit into the town at night.

On Wednesday, a digging bee, organized by the Commandant, and comprising most of the Headquarter Staff, officers and Social leaders, departed also to the Farm. Something surely must give way when such people as Staff-Captain Streeton, Brigadier Holland, Staff-Captain Bennett, Adjutant Magee, and the WAR CRY Editor shoulder the spade, or "the implement of agriculture," as no doubt Major Complin would call it. God prosper the Farm!

Mrs. Booth has been superintending a great deal of additional business in connection with the wind-up of the Councils, especially interviewing the women-officers of the field.

Mrs. Booth was exceedingly delighted and cheered by a touching letter, signed and presented to her by the bulk of women officers of field rank. The address was drawn up on their own responsibility entirely, unsuggested by the Staff. The letter was warm enough to burn through the paper almost with expressions of loyalty, affection, and united determination to spread the Kingdom of God, with many expressions of gratitude for the blessings received during the recent Congress gatherings.

We feel that the resolution to press forward this Jubilee Year to more than ever rescue the sinners and stand by our leaders, is going to produce most beautiful victory and far-reaching result.

The Home of Rest is almost deserted compared to the run and the rattle recently at the heart of the battle, when as many as fifty-four officers took possession of the quiet old house.

Almost every morning since Ensign Mrs. Langtry has been up with the robins by five a.m., and into the wash-tub among the sheets and pillow-cases.

Ensign Cowan has left the House on a visit to her mother. May the change of air strengthen her, and restore her to the work she loves. Capt. Wells still needs the prayers and sympathy of her comrades. The hardest part of the fight is often "to suffer and be still."

At the Women's Shelter Ensign Stewart has been holding meetings with the way-worn inmates. These have been marked with the influence and presence of God, four women at one time making a new and definite start heavenward.

The little Albert Street Shelter has stood the brunt of the battle bravely, providing free billets all the time for twenty officers, in addition to the usual responsibility, bringing up the total to forty underneath the hospitable roof. It has meant no light task to collect and supply for such a family. God bless the brave officers for their joyful service all through the city.

Newmarket.—Received farewell orders to proceed at once to Newmarket. Arrived here in time for the meeting; had a good time together.

Sunday was a blessed day to our souls. God was with us, and at night we closed with THREE in the fountain.—Lieutenant REDBURN.

Clark's Harbor.—We praise God this morning for victory in our own souls; since coming to this place God has indeed been with us in power. We have some real blood-and-fire soldiers here who are not afraid to go in and do anything for Jesus. Last night we had a young man, who is deaf and dumb, explain in sign language, part of the first chapter of proverbs from the twenty-fourth verse to the twenty-eighth. It was beautiful to watch him explain; you could have heard a pin drop as the people's attention was fixed upon him, and we feel that it will be backed home to some heart. We feel that God is looking on the hearts and minds of the unsaved.—Lieut. MAGGIE FRASER for Capt. IDA JONES.

Rapid City—9:50 a.m. "All right, Johnny?" "Yes." "Up you jump, then, and we're off to Harriota." 12, noon, stop to feed horse and get a bite ourselves. (Lots of good friends here, God bless them.) 1:30, off again. 4:30, Harriota. Sell Cave, announce meeting. 7:30, march; Johnny and me. Good meeting. God spoke, but none would surrender. Good collection.

Drove two miles in the country for a doss. Good sleep; good breakfast. 9:30, start off visiting farmers. God blessed us very much, and enabled us to have some good straight dealing with them personally, but they are trusting too much to the world's goods.

1:30, start for Oak Pine; arrive 3. Sell Cave, visit the people, have a march, and a meeting in the open-air. God was there to bless, and many felt their need of getting right, especially a poor backslider. May God help that one to come back!

9:30, start for home; overtaken by a thunderstorm eight miles from home at 11:45 p.m., close to a church with a stable behind it. Make for the stable, give the horse a stall, take the other ourselves. Have some knee-drill, and thank God for providing us with such a place of shelter. Johnny and I roll up in a tarpaulin and sleep until daylight. 3:45, start again for home; arrive 5 a.m., fresh as a daisy and a heart full of love and gratitude to God for all the blessings we received on the trip, and for the good we had been enabled to do for Him, and ready for another day's fight.—Lieut. A. WILKINS, Bro. J. COX.

WHEN the late Joseph Brotherton, Member for Salford, in the course of the discussion on the Ten Hours' Bill, detailed with true pathos the hardships and fatigues to which he had been subjected when working as a factory boy in a cotton mill, and described the resolution which he had then formed, that if ever it was in his power he would endeavor to ameliorate the condition of that class, Sir James Graham rose immediately after him and declared, amidst the cheers of the House, that he did not before know that Mr. Brotherton's origin had been so humble, but that it rendered him more proud than he had ever before been of the House of Commons, to think that a person risen from that condition should be able to sit side by side on equal terms with the hereditary gentry of the land.

Shall we, who were once the slaves of sin and evil, forget the pit from which we have been dug, or shall not we go forward and determine to save and rescue those who are in the same position to-day?

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FOR GOD AND SOULS.

WAR CRY

TORONTO, JULY 7, 1894

OFFICE OF THE WAR CRY,
Thursday, June 28, 1894.

SANTO.

The civilized world has been stricken with horror at the news of President Carnot's barbarous assassination. The story of the dastardly deed is no doubt known to all our readers. The cheering crowd, the French President's hour of triumph, the youthful assassin, under the guise of friendship, holding with both hands that apparently innocent bouquet of flowers, the hidden dagger, the gleaming of the steel high overhead, the fatal blow, the miscreant almost torn to pieces by the justly infuriated citizens—it is all known the world over by now; but we wish to ask why is it, that men can be found ever ready to yield themselves up to the commission of such infernal crimes with the full knowledge they are all but certain of afterwards dying themselves for their deed? Why are these life-risks taken up in the service of the Infernal, while the cause of Christ, with the ready key to unlock all curse and evil, individual and collective, finds so few sanctified *Santos*, who will hurl themselves right at the Great Enemy of Men?

Our Congress has just passed. It is generally admitted to have been an exceptionally powerful spiritual season. Now for some Salvationist Santo, who will go, not with the bloody dagger of the assasin, but with the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, and, nerved, not with the mad enthusiasm of a secret conclave of ruin-makers, but with the Heavenly Dynamite of Spiritual Inspiration, and make a desperate take-all-the-risk attack on the legions of sin, especially on those who carry the most dare-devil front? Let our King triumph in the capture and submission of His greatest opponents. To every one of us is given David's example and David's God. Hear him and follow him as he cries to Goliath: "*I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand, that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel.*"

AN IMPORTANT DOCUMENT

FROM THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

A Declaration of War Proclaimed Against Stick-in-the-Mud-ism.

The Existing Work Shall be Developed—New Plans shall be Adopted—The Old Chariot shall Roll along Faster—So Say the Staff Officers of the Dominion Assembled in the Council just Concluded.

PROGRESS IS THE WATCHWORD.

To Our Comrades Throughout the Dominion and Newfoundland,

WHEREAS it has pleased Almighty God to bring us to a knowledge of our sins forgiven, to impress us with our obligation to a dying world, and to privilege us to proclaim His truth,

AND WHEREAS He has seen fit, through the agency of His servant, and our beloved General, William Booth, to appoint us to the position and rank of Staff Officers in this His Salvation Army,

AND WHEREAS we are now gathered together as the constituted leaders of the forces of the said Army throughout the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland for the purpose of considering and deciding how best we can promote the cause committed to our charge.

NOW BE IT UNDERSTOOD, that we have carefully attended to and taken our part in the discussion of the projects contained hereinafter.

WE DO SOLEMNLY ATTEST our approval of the same projects, and furthermore, sincerely avow our determination to carry into effect the parts which relate especially to our several departments as God shall give us grace, and this shall be done at the point of our utmost endeavor.

MORE OFFICERS WANTED.

Realising the great need of Field and Social Officers to carry on the work at the present time, and recognising also that there are large numbers of our soldiers who ought to be pressed immediately into the service, we most emphatically endorse the plan which has been explained to us for levying a demand upon each District and Corps for the supply of such officers, and pledge ourselves to do the part assigned to us.

A REVIVAL INAUGURATED.

Never in our history has the burden of souls been more seriously borne in upon our hearts. While rejoicing in the signs of the times, we are impatient in our yearning for a still greater outpouring of God's Spirit throughout our ranks. We are painfully impressed with the lamentable indifference of some of our own people, and more especially with the cold-heartedness of many professing Christians around us. These, it seems to us, are the times for the exercise of that violence which takes the King of Heaven by force. Nothing but desperate dealing will avail to awaken the slumbering thousands who hasten from our cities to hell. We pledge ourselves to a greater enthusiasm and a grander desperation for the souls of men than ever in our lives, and we have agreed to set before us as the lowest matter of our ambition, and as our goal for the Dominion during 1894, the salvation of 15,000 souls.

OUR SOLDIERS' ROLL WILL INCREASE.

Believing with all our hearts there is no place where a man or woman can so effectually serve God in the preaching of His Gospel to the poor, or where he or she can more fearlessly follow Him all lengths in a life of self-sacrifice, we recognise the importance of prevailing upon all our converts to join the ranks of the Army, and devote the rest of their days to the out-and-out service of Christ. We therefore pledge ourselves to aim at an increase of ten per cent. on the soldiership of the Army throughout the Dominion during 1894.

THE WARD SYSTEM.

Experience has proved conclusively to those of us in charge of the larger Corps that the mobilisation of our forces is an element of weakness. Division of responsibility is always beneficial; and the more our people can be brought to individual effort the more rapidly they develop, and the more there is accomplished. This being so, we believe that the Ward system is calculated to meet a crying need, and we pledge ourselves to see it is carried into effect in our districts at the towns according to the schedule fixed upon.

JUNIOR DEVELOPMENTS.

Nothing impresses us as being more important or urgent than the need of some striking development of our Junior soldier work. While we recognize there are many corps under our command where it would not be possible to establish at the moment well-organized Junior corps at the present time, yet we know there are a large number of the more important corps where we are decidedly of opinion something should immediately be accomplished. Having heard the "Band of Love" Scheme explained, together with the Company system, we do enthusiastically hail these projects as being the hope of the situation, and pledge ourselves to carry them into effect during 1894.

THE CIRCLE CORPS.

While we regret exceedingly we are not able to give a better record of the success of this scheme, we wish it to be understood we are not in the least degree disappointed in consequence. The exceeding scarcity of officers is the one barrier which has obstructed the way of this undertaking, and the only reason why, in our judgment, it has not scored the success of which it certainly gives promise. Our experience has gone to prove that, wherever it has been given a fair opportunity, it has more than realized our expectations.

Subject to the officers being raised, we see no reason why there should not be at least one new successfully-worked Circle Corps in each of our districts during the year.

PRAYER MEETINGS AND OPEN-AIRS.

We have listened with great care to the discussion of this most important subject, and, recognising the great need of a more systematic and better-planned exercise of our strength, and that of our troops in the prayer meetings, we devotedly pledge ourselves to carry out throughout our districts a red-hot, desperate prayer meeting crusade on the lines which are set forth in the Bill.

We have also given careful heed to the remarks which have been made concerning the better and more persistent method of carrying on our open-air operations; and, realising how great is the importance of this branch of our warfare, we do now undertake to carry into effect the requirements of the measure for improving our outdoor warfare on the lines explained to us.

LEAGUE OF MERCY EXTENSION.

In no branch of the Army work have we been more interested than in that which takes the place of the Sisterhoods in other countries. While we have not to the same extent the slums of the greater cities of the world; nevertheless, we know how great is the need, especially in view of our enlarging Social operations, for an organized portion of our forces whose duty it shall be to minister to the wants of the sick, to mission the jails, and generally to act as scouts, linking up the poorest of the community with our various institutions. We wish, with all our hearts, God-speed to this branch of our work, and pledge ourselves, either by our own effort or our sympathy and prayer, to establish branches in those towns and cities which have been decided upon.

CORPS FINANCES. THE BUDGET SCHEME.

We believe in system. Nothing is plainer than the way God has blessed the commonsense machinery of the Salvation Army to bring emancipation to thousands of souls. Next, perhaps, to the consecration of our hearts, we have to thank Him for the consecration of our wits. We have organized, and wherever that organization has been backed by unselfish agents we have succeeded. In nothing is this more apparent, it seems to us, than in its bearing upon our local finances. In the light of what has been said at this Council, we have come more than ever to see that our financial pressure has often been the result of a hitty-missy method of raising funds which has too often resulted in the putting off of payments and a perpetual grind of debt and poverty. We endorse most enthusiastically the principle laid down in this Bill. We believe most thoroughly in the method of facing our expenditure before we incur it; and we cannot see why it should not be any more difficult to raise the money at the start, without the heartache, than at the finish at the point of the bayonet.

TO ASSIST THE CORPS.

The severity of our winter climate has always rendered the heating of our barracks' one of the most serious local expenditure of the year, and we are glad, therefore, to note that it is proposed to organize an annual effort with a view to assisting our corps to meet the requirements made upon them in this direction. The plan outlined to us seems admirable. It practically secures the same facilities which have rendered the Harvest Festivals and Self-Denial schemes so successful, and we pledge ourselves most cheerfully and enthusiastically to push the proposal to ultimate triumph.

THE HARVEST FESTIVAL.

The great success of this scheme has filled us with unbounded delight. We see in it the good hand of God, but we are the more encouraged to make it even a greater success This we think is very possible. Indeed, there is hardly any limitation to the developments which in our judgment this method of raising money is capable of, and we believe without a doubt that this one scheme is destined ultimately to wipe out the arrears of debt which have so heavily opposed the onward sweep of our whole Army.

Having listened to the suggestions given this Council for ensuring a greater success with this scheme. We wish to most heartily endorse them, and to pledge our utmost effort to carry them into effect. We unitedly agree upon fixing as our target for this scheme for the Dominion $8,000, and we pledge ourselves to raise that amount as distributed over our respective districts.

THE SELF-DENIAL.

What we have said as regards the Harvest Festival applies with even greater force to the Self-Denial. We wish to record our thankfulness to God for the marvellous victory of last year. The suggestions which have been given us for still further improving the campaign we promise to profit by.

We unitedly agree upon fixing our target for 1894 at twenty thousand dollars. This we hope to surpass.

THE SOLDIERS WILL HELP. Cartridges.

The plan as set forth in this Bill for a more systematic collection of our soldiers' cartridges we hail with much delight. Certainly we shall do our utmost to carry its provisions into effect.

THE ARMY'S PROPERTY.

Having studied very carefully the figures that have been placed before us on the question of our corps rents, and recognizing most fully the tremendous importance of their payment, as well as the strict justice of the same, and, further, thoroughly endorsing the glorious and unselfish principle by which the Army acquires and holds properties for the salvation of the world, and desiring, also, to uplift the tremendous burden of debt which has for so long been borne upon the shoulders of our leaders as well as upon the spirits of the whole community, we do solemnly wish it to be understood that this Council intends to rise up and grapple with this long-felt scourge and apply a much-needed remedy. We pledge ourselves, as God will give us strength and assistance, to guard sacredly and before all things (even before our own personal interest) the dues which are rightfully levied in the way of rents upon our corps barracks. We will make it understood from henceforth that, whatever else goes unpaid, this before all things must be met. In the strength of God, we even dare to go a step further and pledge ourselves to see that our rents are paid.

And, knowing how many thousands of dollars have been paid by Headquarters' funds which, by rights, should have been paid by the local exchequers of the corps, we wish most emphatically to declare our utmost confidence in the justice of the claims, in the way of rent, now brought to bear upon the local communities by our Provincial and Territorial Headquarters, and to assure our leaders that they can rely upon our loyal and emphatic effort to carry the properties which are now held by the Army in our several Districts by the prompt payment of our rents.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

THE AUXILIARIES WILL HELP.

In the Grace-before-Meat scheme we recognise an easy method of raising money which will ultimately produce us an enormous income. It may be understood that we shall do our best to encourage the agents appointed for the pushing of this work. We will make announcement of the boxes from our platforms as occasion shall serve, and what assistance we can otherwise render to the enrolment of the ten thousand members upon which we have set our hearts for 1894 shall be done.

We think, too, that there are great possibilities ahead of us as regards the Auxiliary League, especially in view of what our comrades in the United States have accomplished we can see no difficulty in doubling the present number of Auxiliaries. We will promise to do our best in the matter.

TO BOOM THE "CRY."

Being convinced that the present state of things as regards the sale of the WAR CRY is unnecessarily small, we are determined by the help and blessing of God, to bring about an immediate change in the present circulation.

The annual week for pushing the sale of the WAR CRY appears to us to be an admirable scheme, and we pledge ourselves to carry it into effect according to the lines laid down. We see no reason why a little of the same sort of exercise of thought and energy which is expended in pushing our Self-Denial Scheme should not produce a similar result in the sale of the CRY.

RECONCILIATION WEEK.

We rejoice at the opportunity this council gives us to put on record the sincere sorrow we feel for the loss, by whatever cause, of every old comrade to arms. While we understand quite well how much better it is that those who differ from us, or have departed from the true spirit, and who steadfastly refuse to be brought to repentance, should go out from us rather than impair the unity of the whole Army, yet we want it to be understood how gladly we would welcome back to the fold any who desire to enter it in the same simplicity and unselfishness with which they fought by our side in the days gone by.

A LOVING WELCOME AWAITS THE GENERAL.

It will be quite impossible for us to express how heartily we hail the advent of our beloved General to our midst. In no part, we feel, of the whole world's battlefield is he more needed and will his presence be more fraught with blessings and encouragement than in the Dominion of Canada. We have listened with admiration to the plans which have been decided upon in order to make the most of his sojourn in our midst; and it is hardly necessary for us to assure either our leaders or each other that no effort or fatigue, either in the exercise of body or mind, will be spared to make his coming an unqualified success.

AND IN CONCLUSION.

Having by the grace of God and by virtue of our positions as Staff Officers in the Army been privileged to hear and to take part in the discussions of the foregoing questions, and believing most seriously that the decisions arrived at in connection therewith have been such as will tend to the salvation of souls, and the upbuilding of God's Kingdom.

AND commending ourselves and our comrades to the grace of God, Whose strength alone we know is adequate to fit us for carrying into effect the pledges we have made.

WE, whose names do herewith follow, have this day set our signatures in the presence of many witnesses to this document.

AND may the God of strength and peace make us equal to all our occasions.

(*Signed*) THOMAS HOLLAND,	Brigadier.
J. O. MARGUERITE,	"
C. JACOBS,	"
ALFRED DEBARRITT,	"
T. W. SCOTT,	"
A. MORRIS,	Major.
J. COMPLIN,	"
T. CALHOUN,	"
J. READ,	"
J. SHADY,	Staff-Captain.
J. JEWER,	"
J. STRENTON,	"
J. COLLIER,	"
F. FEY,	"
B. FRIEDRICH,	"
HENRY BENNETT,	"

On behalf of the Staff-Officers throughout Canada and Newfoundland.

Cuttings From an Interview with Mrs. Booth.

("The Empire," Toronto, 16, C. 1894.)

A WOMAN'S WOMAN.

Mr. Herbert Booth—From Dutchland—Work Among the Poor.

One of the most attractive and womanly women we have in Toronto, is the wife of Commandant Herbert Booth, the head of the Salvation Army in Canada.

* * *

Indeed it were safe to assert that while Her Excellency's influence extends over a wider range, that of Mrs. Booth, being limited only to one organization, is yet stronger and more direct, inasmuch as these thousands of Army women in Canada are controlled and guided by her, in her position as the wife of their leader and director.

Mrs. Herbert Booth is neither English nor Canadian; she was born and educated in Holland, and all her girlhood memories belong to the little dyke-land; and it was in Amsterdam that she came under the influence of the Army. Her marriage took place before the death of the saintly mother of the Booth family, and during the last year of Mrs. Catherine Booth's life, she was much with her.

That Mrs. Herbert Booth belongs to a good family, needs not to be told in words. It tells itself in her voice, gesture and nameless refinement of manner. One feels instantly that one is in the company of a gentlewoman. She is an accomplished linguist, and her slight foreign accent but serves to accentuate the prettiness of her speech.

"I was brought up in the Dutch church, the Lutheran church," she said. "You do not know how great a contrast it is to the Army."

"I have attended Lutheran churches in our Canadian-German settlements," I answered. "The service is very formal."

"Formal—oh, *stiff, stiff*, and so quiet. No movement, nothing but just sitting still. The Army was such a great contrast to me."

Mrs. Booth is quite a young woman, barely past girlhood. She has brown eyes and dark hair, and an English color, unless little Holland gives prettier roses than those for which the tight little island is famed. She has been four years married, and has two little children.

The word "motherly" leaps instantly to one's lips in describing Mrs. Booth, for that blending of holiness, protective tenderness and warm humaneness which we call the atmosphere of womanhood is warm about her. She is a woman's woman, and one realizes as she talks, while the tenderness shines in her brown eyes, something of the hold she must have upon the affections of her hard-working lassies.

* * *

"You know, of course," she said, "the first rule of the Army is obedience, and in so large an organization it is essential that the leaders should be obeyed; and now from end to end of Canada we are working harmoniously and at peace."

"You see," she continued, "the people out here are different from those in Germany. They have not the drill and discipline, or the military instinct of obedience. They are freer, and think that one is as good as another—which is a very good and wise belief in its way—but it cannot be carried too far in an army. Perhaps it is something in the atmosphere," added the lady thoughtfully.

I laughed and admitted that it might be thus accounted for, and that perhaps even the Emperor William would find it a difficult thing to drill the Canadian men into the mechanical obedience of his splendid German army, not that it would do our volunteers any harm to suffer the test of his autocratic rule.

"Is the Army in Canada increasing in numbers, Mrs. Booth?"

"Yes, we are enrolling fresh members and officers constantly.

* * *

"Our Army is the army of the poor, the ignorant and the vicious; our work lies among those who have little of worldly knowledge and nothing of wealth; and our methods are adapted to suit them. If the men and women of the upper world only remember that.

"Don't frown at the hand clappings, the noisy singing, the loud amens and the general lack of dignity. They are to our people what organ voluntaries and stately services are to you—first methods. Do you think," and the brown eyes laughed, "do you think that an organ voluntary would attract the street corner loafers and drunkards like the noise of our big drum and tambourines? O, be fair to us—and patient of our ways—you people who are of the upper world; and give us your encouragement rather than your frowns."

How pretty the voice, and the soft foreign speech, and how motherly sweet was the young face that leaned so close to my own.

We discussed the effects of the work upon the health of the women officers. I contended that the street marchings in all weathers, the wetting of skirts and feet, the strain upon the voice, the nervous exhaustion must necessarily be very exhausting and entail serious consequences.

"Every candidate for office in the Army," said Mrs. Booth, "is examined by a physician, and we receive none save those who are certified to be in sound physical condition. We are very strict about this. Then, again, our women-officers are enjoined to take all proper care of themselves, and when they do this they do not seem to suffer.

"Regarding the throat strain: I had a throat trouble before coming out here, and Sir Morrell Mackenzie, who was a family friend, warned me against using my voice much. But since I have been in Canada I have had no further trouble. The Army work is arduous, of course, and may as a life of self-denial and labor; but, with the care that any woman ought to take of herself, I think that our lasses should keep their health."

Mrs. Booth is especially interested in the Social Department of the Army work. The social evil, she says, is not nearly so open a vice in Canada as in England or upon the continent, so that at present the Army homes are not doing what she terms "might work" in any of our cities.

"It must be carried on under cover out here," said the lady. "But there is much of it for a religious country."

The Army have seven Rescue Homes—one each in Toronto, Montreal, London, Winnipeg, Victoria, and St. John's, Newfoundland. There is work for these Homes in every one of these cities. That in Toronto is situated on Jameson Avenue, Parkdale, a charming site in the midst of green, and overlooking the lake. The institution is free to all applicants, and here the girls are kept sometimes for three months or more, taught industrial work, and lured by loving interest into a new life. Seventeen girls are at present in the home.

* * *

In all of our hour's talk together—and the time sped swiftly in this dear woman's company—Mrs. Booth said not one word about money. Yet it is easy to see how very strongly this essentially woman's work appeals to her, and how her chief interest is centered in it. It is equally palpable that such homes—out of the very helplessness and weakness of the women harbored—cannot possibly support themselves.

This work, of all others, should appeal to every woman throughout the land. The Rescue Homes and the young mothers and infants refuged therein should be of all benevolences Canadian women's first care.

Summerside. — Ever ready with kind words were Captain and Mrs. Hoar. After a long cold winter's fight they farewelled and left us. The next sent was Captain Penney. On Friday night Brigadier Jacobs and Staff-Captain Howell were here; a wet night, good meeting, with one brother seeking pardon. On Saturday night another, a sailor; on Thursday night it was good to hear him speak in the open-air, also in the barracks he asked all to pray that God would keep him good, as he was going to sea next morning. We are trusting in Jesus for victory this summer.

Thankful because I love my Saviour more. —A SOLDIER.

THE "WAR CRY."

Popular Topical Song as Written and Sung by

MAJOR COMPLIN, "War Cry" Editor,

At the Great Congress, Toronto.

Set to a modern air which has been WAR CRY-*ized for the purpose.*

"The cows are in the clover."

Good evening, friends, I'm glad
To introduce to you the CRY,
A paper that you ought not to
Omit to buy:
A paper full of glorious news
For prince, and peasant too,
A paper that is sure to please
Good folks like you.

SPOKEN—*Hey, Sergeant Brown, take a* WAR CRY *to that lady—now, another there—that's it, going like hot cakes, easily as a pneumatic-tired safety down Jarvis.*

Friends, you will find the matter as bright as the electric light, refreshing as "Eudo," and your verdict will probably be, "Two of the very best things to be seen in Toronto are the Massey Music Hall and—the WAR CRY.

CHORUS.

WAR CRY, WAR CRY, WAR CRY,
Five cents will buy a copy.
With columns sixty-four
Devoted all to spreading
The S. A. War;
No quack advertisements appear
With cures for great and small,
But free and full salvation,
Good for one and all.

Some people greet us with a sneer
And elevate the eye,
Or give a leer as we appear,
And say, "WAR CRY."
"Hey, Jack! there goes the Army!
Look out; you'll hear the drum!"
But if you meet us in the street,
Say—"WAR CRY? come."

And then Sister Jones or Brother Thompson, as the case may be, will run across the road saying, "Certainly, ma-am, we have a wonderful WAR CRY *this week. See what it contains (reads contents)," and don't be surprised if he suddenly rings out: (Chorus.)*

Bill Sikes was once a boozer:
His wife had weeping eyes;
But when he read this paper,
His own tears would rise.
The Lord spoke through the WAR CRY
And broke Bill's rocky heart;
He then got saved, and on the CRY
He took his part.

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, that dear fellow, whose home was a hovel, his wife a broken-hearted woman, and his children in rags, was saved by the grace of God through the instrumentality of the WAR CRY—*and he is only a typical case, there are many more such. If you meet him in the street give him a smile and say, "Pass me a* WAR CRY, *sir," and you will probably hear him say, with a broad grin of delight: (Chorus.)*

THE JUBILEE CELEBRATION

At Victoria, B. C.

Although the British Columbia Salvationists were a week behind their Eastern comrades in preparations for the Jubilee meetings it was with none the less spirit that they were entered into.

The Victoria barracks was tastefully decorated with flags of the nations and festoons of evergreens. The soldiers had spent hours of labor on it before their work was accomplished. Flowers abounded everywhere—some blooming in pots, others in vases, and even

A Fir-Tree Covered with Roses

was noticed.

The first meeting of the celebration was a Juniors' Jubilee, which will be further reported in the *Young Soldier*. The children took the platform and made the meeting very interesting with their songs and recitations. A good collection was taken on the drum.

Adjutant ex[illegible]ained the Junior Work more fully than it has been before, and we are believing that this branch of the work will go ahead.

On Friday night at the holiness meeting, led by Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald, one lassie came out for salvation, and a brother for sanctification.

Saturday night, after a rousing march and open-air, we found a good crowd in the barracks, and our officers led us in a proper rattling salvation free-and-easy. Another drum-head collection was asked for and responded to by the audience.

The Victoria people have big hearts, and in spite of hard times, will compare favorably with any other corps in the Dominion for their liberality.

Money Seemed to be Flying

in the air, and the Treasurer and Adjutant were kept busy in picking it up and depositing it on the drum. Even after the sum asked for was realized some stray pieces of silver kept finding their way up to the front.

A nice little crowd came up for knee-drill next day, and one young man got perfectly converted.

The morning holiness meeting was a time of power and blessing, when God drew very near, revealing His will to many hearts.

At 2.30 we met for a march, and held a lively little open-air meeting, not forgetting to take up a Jubilee collection. The inside meeting was a real old-fashioned free-and-easy, when everybody looked happy and felt at home. Many of our Christian friends took part in the testimony meeting, some of whom have been a long time on the road to heaven.

At the night meeting God's Spirit spoke to the hearts of the people, and conviction could be seen written on many faces.

Monday night, being the last of our three days' campaign, it was announced as a very special meeting. Floral tributes were to be brought in and a singing battle to take place.

By eight o'clock the hall was well filled, and the out flowers the kind friends had brought covered a large table in front of the platform.

These, contrasting with other decorations, made a very pretty effect, besides scenting the air with their

Sweet Perfume.

Of course, nobody grudged ten cents for a program for the "singing battle," for to it known the Victoria audience can stand their ground with any in singing salvation songs.

The program of twenty-two items was completed in a little over an hour. Then the work of selling the flowers commenced. Sergeant Keefe was appointed the auctioneer, but a difficulty arose—we had no license.

However, the Salvation Army never "gets left," so it was overcome by starting at the top and

Bidding Down.

The beautiful potted plants in full bloom were soon disposed of and then all those who wished could procure bouquets from the boxes at a very reasonable price. The flowers left over were taken by the officers next day to cheer the hearts of the sufferers in the hospitals.

In spite of many difficulties, at the close of our "Three Days," we praised God that our Jubilee meetings were a grand and glorious success.

We are looking forward to the time when our dear General will be here in person, that we may give him a real salvation welcome to the country.

The recent floods on the mainland have caused us some inconvenience in connection with our special meetings, only one Eastern mail having arrived in three weeks. We miss the WAR CRY very much, but hope we will not be without it much longer. The work is going ahead, slow but sure.

A. E. R., for ADJUTANT ARCHIBALD.

Sir John Gorst says, "Sweating will never be stopped as long as the public insist upon always buying at the very cheapest possible price, irrespective of the condition of the workers."

HOMEL

COME HOM

(Continued.)

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"A heart in every thought renewed
And full of love Divine:
Perfect, and right, and pure, and
A copy, Lord, of Thine."

HOMELY HOMILETICS VOID of all HUMBUG.

COME HOME!

(Continued.)

These spiritual paralytics are in Salvation Army barracks, some of whom think it too humiliating to come out to the Army penitent-form, although they are aware that is just what they ought to do; yet they quibble and hesitate, and will not do it. The fear of being looked upon by the world with disrespect keeps them back, for if they did such a thing, what would their worldly associates think of them? Of course, they would think they had lost their reputation, and they feel too sensitive to stand the mocks and scoffs of the worldling. Better shock their

Mock-Modesty

and lose your character in their eyes, than suffer the eternal loss of it in eternity through failing to do what you know to be God's will here. May God help you.

This life of obedience which Christ calls us to, would entail some sacrifice of perhaps some finer feeling, which causes them to shrink from doing what they know to be right.

This coming out and avowedly acknowledging the wrong seems too preposterous to their orthodox views, and too humiliating an inclination of their reserved natural dispositions for the proud, haughty heart to bend to, and so they attempt to wiggle their way to heaven spiritual paralytics, where it will be. "Thou Capernaum, which art exalted to heaven with privileges, shalt be thrust down to hell" for rejection. Better cry out from such a fate, "Good Lord deliver us."

Professing to be wise, don't you be so foolish as to think other than heaven is a pure place, open only to souls purified by the blood of the Lamb. If this be so, why not rise up counting everything else but dross, and make the sacrifice which complete union with Christ involves; this will instantly result in the

Stiffness and Taints

of spiritual palsy's disappearance. Spiritual paralysis works its way through the different senses of human nature, and coils itself around the soul with the wisdom and cuteness of a serpent, bent on accomplishing its mission, it injects the poison, and gives the shock, until all the members lie enslaved at the mercy of its assailant. This may have all sprung from the one act of disobedience, so through the virtuous qualities of obedience and faith in Christ's shed blood, there may be effected a complete cure.

He waits to help, seek Him now. Do it while thy heart is hot.

For lukewarmness sows the seeds, and fosters the germs of spiritual paralysis in the very blood-cells of spirituality, where, through inactivity, blood stagnation sets in, from whence the existing evil sends its

Venemous Vile Current

through the spiritual, nervous system which has been weakened for the lack of exercise in spiritual things. This robs the faculties of the power to do right, and leaves death and decay visible.

Alas, alas! my brother, how is it that you have fallen a prey to the ravenous beast of spiritual palsy? Where is the strength of former days, when you smote those beasts of the forest when they rose up against you? Why not rise up against them again before thy strength is entirely devoured and you are past redemption's state altogether?

Remember thy God is at hand. Why not call upon Him right away in your trouble? He will hear thee, and according to the humility and sincerity of your heart deliver thee from beneath the

Paw of the Lion,

and heal thy wounded heart.

Poor, wrecked, tempest-tossed, suffering soul do look up to Jesus. "There is a light at the window for thee." God waits to restore thy spiritually paralysed frame to a vigorous performance of things good—until the very bloom of spiritual youth stands forth prominent upon your character, with "holiness unto the Lord" written upon your reputation, appearing in your actions once more; you will then be able to "hold fast that which is good," for with

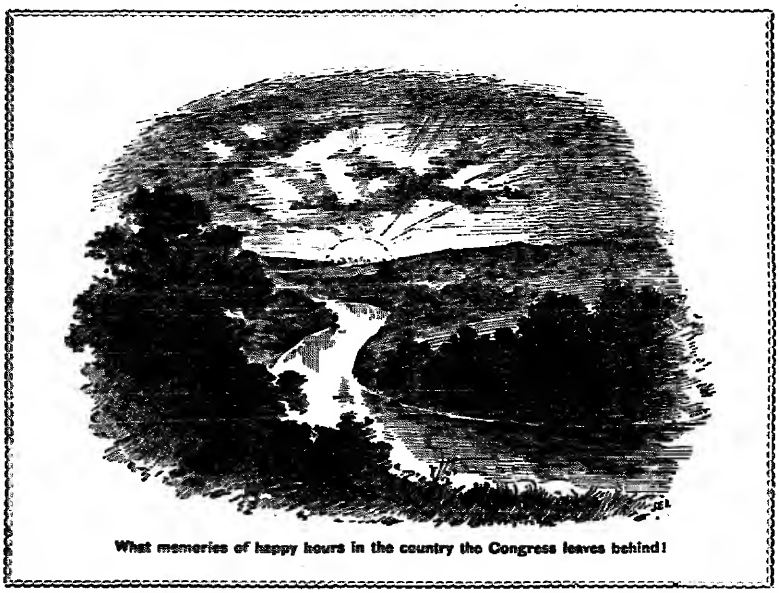
"A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love Divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine."

you will be able to stand. While the world, the flesh, and the devil are your adversaries, you will have the Kingdom of God on earth and all in heaven in your favor.

Reader, don't let the "pride of life" keep you from coming to Jesus and taking up your cross daily, denying yourself and following Him. You may attempt it and find yourself

Pretty Shaky.

From the fact that you have lived so long in such a cold atmosphere, your limbs may have been frozen stiff, but let not that discourage you. Rise up and stand upon your feet; it is the Saviour bids you come. Don't question any longer your weaknesses and fleshly infirmities, but lay hold of the promises, and through them get at the Promiser and do as He tells thee, and thou shalt be made whole, and thy soul shall be satisfied with the fatness of His house, while thou shalt be made to drink of the joys of full salvation. W. J. PAYNE.



What memories of happy hours in the country the Congress leaves behind!

"One Man's Meat is Another Man's Poison."

BY MAQUENETA.

The population of the world is about fourteen hundred millions, and without doubt the combinations of character are a like number. No two people are ever alike in disposition, character, etc., any more than they are in features. We may resemble each other on some points, but never on the whole. I think it was Solon who said, "Man, know thyself," and as the wise acknowledge the study of self to be the greatest of studies, and considering that just when we begin to know a little we are called from time into eternity, it seems to me we have learned so little of self that we cannot know much about others. We may have a little knowledge of human nature, but we are not permitted by our Creator to know enough to justify us in

Condemning Our Brother.

None can fully understand the human heart but God. Christ was God, and had a thorough knowledge of the creature, therefore the above, without anything further, satisfies my reason and as to why I am to take up my cross and deny myself, etc.

I find, from a very slight knowledge of self and human nature, that what is easy for one natural man is hard for another, and simply impossible for another to accomplish, or, proverbially, "one man's meat is another's poison."

We are our brother's keeper, and this fact undoubtedly caused the inspired Apostle Paul to say, "If meat (or wine) cause my brother to offend or stumble I will abstain." This means, "I am not only to abstain from that which apparently hurts me, but from everything that tends to injure my brother."

It is a strange fact that the natural man who walks after the flesh, and not after the spirit, desires with a more or less intensity, that which is

Most Hurtful

to him.

This law in our members does not affect the ignorant alone, but all flesh. Though a healthy environment is a check to some, while vicious and immoral surroundings blind others to the possibility of a good, pure, peaceful, joyous, and useful life, and impel them at breakneck speed on the down grade to eternal misery and hopeless despair.

While denying myself of that which degrades and destroys others I become in that measure doer of the word; and as no man liveth to himself, my influence in the world, whether for good or evil, will last as long as the human race, and be ever increasing. So by the example of a pure, Christian life, I am raising the moral standard of those with whom I come in contact, and lead some, perhaps unconsciously, to a higher and purer life.

The Christ-life,

for one example, is worth a great many arguments and is a powerful teacher. By piloting others to Him Who alone can speak peace to their troubled soul, and give rest in place of bitter suffering and restless discontent, I strike the source of the most

Exquisite Form of Happiness.

The thrilling, delightful, inexpressible sense of divine presence in my own soul, and the sweet voice of Jesus whispers, "Inasmuch as ye do it for the weakest or the least of those I came to save ye do it to Me."

(To be continued.)

NO STARVATION.

Christ came that we might have life abundantly. Some barely get into the kingdom, as it were, by the skin of their teeth—a kind of squeezing in. It is well to get there any way, but it is a rather mean style. Some have to be sought out in the highways and hedges, and compelled to come in; some saved, too, as by fire; some give a dying last look wishing to be remembered. Indeed, ours must be a very merciful God to accept such miserable, ungrateful, unworthy supplicants. To man it seems hardly the fair thing after he has spent his precious years in the service of the world, and as the enemy of God, then when flesh fails and he can no more enjoy its vanities and pleasures, to merely offer

The Dregs of Energy

and service to the One who breathed in him the breath of life and formed him after His own image with the intent he should live for His glory.

Ah! be more noble. Honor to whom honor is due. Love Him Who first loved you, and left His home in glory above to come and teach us to know the large mind and will of God for sinful man, that He would have us wise unto salvation. Christ is the door of entrance into God's fold. Come, sinner, enter by this only Door—by Me if any man enter he shall be saved, and go in and out and find pasture, full salvation, free to feel quite at home in our Father's house with others of his saved ones, sheep in the same fold. No doubts, fears,

No Timidity—

life abundantly.

"I know Mine own and Mine own know Me, even as the Father knoweth Me and I know the Father. I am the Good Shepherd, I go before My sheep. They know My voice, I lead them out, I call them by name and they follow Me. They know not the voice of strangers and will not follow, but flee from them."

Sinner, the Shepherd laid down His life that you might understand His great pity for the lost and wandering ones. Let this love melt your heart, listen to His call, return to the God who breathed in you the breath of life, made you in His own image. We have strayed from His fold and He seeks His deserters, the prodigal ones. Come back to the fold, enter by the door, Christ, the door, the way, the life. Who enters will have life, and life abundantly. His call is, "Come." Hear Him and say, "Here I am, for Thou didst call me."

SCRAPS.

BY MARIA SIMPSON.

Ashamed to testify? By God's grace, never! I am only too much delighted to testify for my own dear Lord Jesus in any and every possible way. The Salvation Army gives all its soldiers most glorious opportunities of witnessing for God. He Himself says, "Ye are my witnesses."

I can truly declare, from joyful experience, that the Holy Ghost will guide and use us, if we give up all to Him, and place ourselves absolutely at His disposal. I have done so, in Christ's strength, and implore the loving leading and guidance of the Spirit in everything. Thank God, I got it, too. Hallelujah!

OUR JESUS.

Come, join our Army—Army of Salvation,
Come, sinners, come, of every rank and station,
Come, sinners, come, in heartfelt supplication,
Come to our Jesus.

Come, saints of God, right well your Saviour knowing,
Poor, wretched sinners, to destruction going,
Tell them that Christ's blood still is freely flowing,
Win souls for Jesus.

WAR CRY OFFICE TALK.

There was a tremendous hustling at the close of the Congress, and very soon the Salvation Reds, whose presence had enlivened the Queen City during Congress time, were to us, at least, conspicuous by their absence.

Brigadier Jacobs, with his wise men of the East, was off by seven a.m. Friday morning. There was also a quick disappearance of Majors Read and Morris. The English party, too, were away *without* a "shield o' thieves" missing the train. Brigadier Margetts was seen at the Headquarters detained on business with the Commandant, other than which there was not much to indicate the recent great upheaval in ways and means for prosecuting the Salvation Army. Truly, we move with the celerity of an Army. The ubiquitous Brigadier of Toronto and neighborhood, like the rest, had vanished, but though out of sight he was perilously near becoming "to memory dear," his new A. D. C. having followed the WAR CRY man right up to the artist's sanctum in the Temple top, and having found his prey, he, with a certain weird and dangerously significant look, and a half satisfied, yet tragic smile, produced—a collecting card. It transpired that the Brigadier had fallen into the same condition as his friends here, viz., bankruptcy. As for ourselves, we ran out at Hamilton, and had to negotiate a mortgage with the bright-eyed Fletcher right off, and we were at the time of the Brigadier's appeal in danger of foreclosure. Will some of the wealthy donate the Brigadier some help? We can guarantee one thing for sure, viz, he will speedily *spend* it.

One was sweeping the street, the other man was standing on the edge of the sidewalk wearing a while apron and evidently stopping just for a passing word of cheery chat. As I passed I heard the street sweeper say:

"Christ must be the Centre. Why He was the Centre of the three when He hung on the Cross."

"Hallelujah!" my heart responded. "This Man receiveth sinners still."

Can we not have some more spirits like the following indicates, applying for our work?

I have heard that call. First through the WAR CRY, and then the voice of the Lord in my own heart. I am not mistaken, but it is very, very strange. For five weeks I have been unusually ill; for the first fortnight in danger of death, but am slowly recovering now. My hand is quite shaky still. When the favorable time came and I felt a little better, the call of my Lord to be an officer so impressed me that I immediately offered myself to Him. What He wants of me, I have not the least idea, and until He shows me it is none of my business. I have simply to obey my King.

Having offered myself to God in obedience to His call, I now offer myself to the Army. What you can do with me I know not. Please communicate with the Commandant and Mrs. Booth. Perhaps the "fertile brain" with which God has blessed our leader may discover some work that I can do—something that, perchance, might set free another for service in the field. Anything I can do for Jesus I will do by His grace. I am clear now in conscience of disobeying God's call, supposing you cannot employ me for officer work, but I believe you can. Nothing is too hard for the Lord, and I rejoice to know that God, the Holy Ghost, can use even me. Whether as officer or soldier, His will be done.

Captain W. A. House has promised the CRY a paper on the Montreal Rescue Work. Says the Captain: "I do not have much spare time, in fact, none, but will manage to crowd it in." Thanks, Captain, send us plenty of pictures.

Captain Heift, at the Congress, found a nightly refuge in the WAR CRY office. He left the following behind:

DEAR MAJOR COMPLIN,—Many thanks to you for this room. God bless you! I am going back a true Salvationist. The meeting last night has made a lasting impression on me. God bless the Commandant! God bless the Army!

Yours, true to the flag, CAPTAIN HEIFT.

Good again.

"There's a good time coming, boys,
Wait a little longer."

The International Temperance Congress convened in the big tabernacle in Prohibition Park, Staten Island. Gen. Neal Dow, of Maine, the venerable apostle of temperance, was the guest of honor. The forty-third anniversary of the signing of the first prohibition law in Maine was celebrated on Sabbath afternoon. Gen. Wager Swayne, of New York, presided, and Joseph Cook made the principal address in which he reviewed "The Sixty Years of Temperance Agitation. What it has accomplished."

Dr. R. R. Tyler, D. D., of New York, then formally presented to the meeting an address to General Dow, which had been prepared by the following committee: R. R. Tyler, D. D., and James M. Buckley, D. D., of New York; J. P. Ely, D. D., Rev. J. H. Worrall, both of Chicago; A. J. Kynett, D. D., of Philadelphia; Mary A. Livermore, of Boston; Rev. Father Nyland, of Poughkeepsie; Dr. O. Hyatt, of Brooklyn; Rev. J. G. Arnold, of New York, and Ballington Booth, of the Salvation Army. It was signed by about 700 prohibitionists.

Gen. Dow responded to this address, and told of the effect of prohibition in Maine, and of the good work being done to secure universal prohibition.

"In that State," he said, "an entire generation has grown up without having seen a grog shop or known the taste of rum. In three-quarters of our territory the rum traffic is unknown. There are many good men and intelligent who declare that prohibition can never win. I answer, yes, it will win, and I can name the day. It is when the church makes up from its lethargy, when the Christians of this country say to the liquor traffic, 'Go,' and vote, 'go.' Then it will go."

That concluding march to the Musical Festival was a splendid exposition of the Army's doings. Cannot it be done in every city? It opens people's eyes and makes them think, and when a person begins to think on right subjects, his actions are likely to follow in the train of his thought.

Union Station, 9 a.m., Friday morning:
A Baggage Inspector to Salvationist: "I saw two of your people in an express wagon on University Street last night fighting, and it sold on the wagon, 'As they were before they joined 'em.'"

Salvationist: "Yes, God is working wonderfully through the Salvation Army. Are you saved?"

We managed to capture the following personal notes, which will reply to our friends "How d'ye do?" to the party.

JUNE 23, 1894.

S.S. Parisian.

DEAR MOTHER,—You will be glad to know that we have "got 'em all here," and getting along first-rate. We leave Quebec to-morrow, and there we shall have to look out for squalls, Mrs. P—— is fine. The trip down the St. Lawrence is simply delightful. God bless you much, mother.

Love to all. We are all well saved, and in best of spirits.

Yours affectionately,
GEO. L. PHILLIPS.

MITRAILLEUSE.

New fields are being scouted in South America.

The Army continues to make rapid advances in Africa.

Fire a volley! In one month 272 souls professed salvation in Sweden.

Our comrades in South Africa raised about 10,000 during their Self-Denial Week effort.

Captain Gretton has been in jail in Switzerland for holding meetings later than nine p.m.

Ceylon is in for doing her very best in the Jubilee Campaign. The first Jubilee Cadet has entered the Training Garrison.

The use of obscene language in our Birmingham Citadel has earned one young man two months' imprisonment, and three others some heavy fines.

The Lord-in-waiting to the King of Sweden, sent a book from which he gives orders upon the Food and Shelter Depot of the Salvation Army in Stockholm, to applicants for relief.

A piece of land in a splendid location has been secured at Basle, Switzerland, on which a friend is going to build an Army hall.

The Jubilee Campaign has commenced in real earnest in India. The C.D.O's. all write full of rejoicing at the chance the Jubilee presents of making an extra special onward march on the kingdom of the devil.

The Jewish population in London has more than doubled during the last twenty years, and is now estimated at about 120,000. About 20,000 Jewish children attend the London schools.

AS IT SHOULD BE.—A comrade writes: "I am glad to inform you that although we are fourteen miles from any corps, yet my wife and I and children are Salvationists, and fighting against sin, drink and the devil."

Deptford, in South London, is in a deplorable state of poverty. Public funds are being started for the relief of the destitute.

A gang of Calcutta badmashis have been causing our Rescue officers in that city a good deal of trouble of late by attempting to decoy Rescue girls away and assaulting the officers. A Staff-Captain was recently "black and blue with stick blows." The police have taken the matter in hand.

The following bit of advice from a San Francisco contemporary may be commended to Salvationists generally: "Train the devil by your zeal to expect a vigorous poking up every time you get near him. He will have a wholesome respect for you if you are an aggressive Salvationist."

Commissioner Cadman gives a weekly budget of Social news. We are glad to report that he said that the Social Wing was the most spiritual part of the Salvation Army, and that the statement was greeted by a spontaneous and continuous burst of applause from the officers. So we are, because we are doing the work nearest and dearest to the heart of our Social Christ.

Here are some of the Commissioner's remarks:

"Every difficulty teaches us how to formulate plans for overcoming them."

"Some men's guns are loaded with boiled peas."

"Who knows more about deliverance than we?"

"The Guardians are handing over fifty more men to the Social Wing."

"When the law cannot help the man, grace will."

"Every man that is in debt, don't be able about your present or future; never mind the workhouse, go on, and we shall have a workhouse of our own."

"Millionaires have committed suicide because they were afraid their money wouldn't last."

"What does it matter if you are only a Sergeant, a Lieutenant, or a Captain? All cannot be Commissioners."

A drunkard once said to him: "I'm all right, I've made my pile, I've got enough to live on if I die to-morrow. He had 2s. in his pocket, and that was enough for him."

"The man who loves you most will tell you most of your faults. Kiss the hand that chastises you. The little lights are as important as the big."

"Let us have less of self and home glorification, and more crucifixion and dying daily. Our business is saving our people, God is moving in saving souls. Be definite, and get men out to the penitent-form."

Sparkles from Central Ontario Province.

No one would doubt that he was in the Central Province during the last few weeks. From all parts our comrades have poured by train, car, boat, and on foot, till all the ends of the Salvation world seemed to have fallen on the Queen City. We were more than glad to see them; we were sorry to lose them, and we shall be glad to welcome them again, every one. God bless them.

* * *

Toronto has been literally invaded, and go where you would (excepting the rum shops), you would find the pots bonnet and the red band. How glad they seemed to see one another! What happy faces! What blessed communion, and glorious victories to relate, and God was in it all.

* * *

Many a home has been blessed through the visit of faithful and true Salvationists; say, souls have been saved, and God shall have the glory. We shall follow our brave comrades with our prayers, and God will give us the joy of seeing many souls brought to Him all the time.

* * *

So our dear old comrade, Staff-Captain Move-on, has gone! We shall miss him a heap. He has left blessing behind him, and many a soul will thank God for his stay in in the city. He left for the C.P. in good spirits, and although outside the Central, we shall be as glad to see and welcome him as of yore.

* * *

Lieutenant Cowden has gone to the Queen City to help Captain Frisk. They will keep things on the boil till the Ensign shall return, and then they will all boil over together. By-the-way, the Ensign left in capital spirits, and has promised us a stirring description of of the C.P. on her return. What a time we shall have, to be sure!

* * *

Mrs. de Barritt has been doing real good service during the past meetings, although behind the scenes. I hear that her farewell meeting with the girl-cadets was a most blessed time. May she have the joy of seeing her every prayer and wish fulfilled about them! Bowmanville will have Mrs. de Berritt and Cadet Pinsell for the opening service of their new small hall. God will go with them!

* * *

The following camp meetings have been arranged, and so far as possible, Brigadier and Mrs. de Barritt, with Ensign and Mrs. Turner, will be present, in addition to the district and local officers. You should arrange for a tent at once, spend your summer holidays with them, and come to bless and get blessed. All candidates must be sure and report themselves to the Brigadier or Mrs. de Barritt during these meetings. Get your forms, bring your applications for, and get your cases pushed through at once.

* * *

The following places will be visited: Oakville, June 30th to July 8th; Hamilton, July 10th to 18th; St. Catharines, July 20th to July 25th; Jordan, July 26th to July 30th; Corbett's Point, August 2nd to 12th; Lindsay, August 14th to 20th; Uxbridge, August 20th to 27th; Toronto, August 29th to September 12th.

* * *

All candidates that can should spend a week at one of these meetings. You will then get known, and get to know your leaders as well, and have a chance of doing something for God all the time.

* * *

The following officers have changed stations; pray that God will go with them, and give them souls saved:

Capt. Savage and wife, to Temple.
Capt. Edgecombe, to Appincott Garrison.
Capt. Carruthers and Lieutenant Rowe, to Faversham Circle.
Capt. Wale, to Lisgar Garrison.
Capt. Beckett and Lieutenant Rose, to Yorkville.
Capt. Garrett and wife and Lieut. Redburn, to Aurora and Newmarket Circle.
Capt. Hextable, to Fenelon Falls.
Capt. Wiseman and wife, to Richmond Street.
Capt. Richmond, to Dovercourt.
Capt. Tinney, to Brampton.
Capt. Hardman and Lieutenants Young and Berens, to Niagara Falls.
Capt. Mountney, on promotion to Welland.
Capt. Dyker and wife, to Oakville.
Capt. Woolrich and Lieut. Butler, to Dundas.
Capt. Whale, on Promotion, takes Shelburne.
Capt. Parker, to Stayner.
Capt. Harrison, assists at Collingwood.
Capt. Green and Lieut. Goff, to Markham Circle.
Capt. Ferguson and Lieut. Stephens, to Whitby.
Capt. Saulle, to Bowmanville.
Capt. Brooks, to Tyrone.
Capt. Taylor and Lieut. Lott, to Port Perry.
Capt. Halpenny, to Omemee.
Capt. McGeaghan and Lieutenant Mitchell, to Kinmount.
Lieut. Crawford, to Uxbridge.
Lieut. Slater, to Lindsay.
Lieut. Cowden, to Hamilton.
Capt. Brannigan, transferred to West Ontario Province.
Capt. Woolins, to C. P., England.

* * *

The Brigadier is arranging, as that every Friday from eight till eleven, a time of real wrestling prayer shall be held to pray for an outpouring of God's Spirit. Not the ordinary holiness meeting, but a real meeting of heart-and-heart, when soldier, officer, and friend will meet at the Throne of God, and plead for a real outpouring of God's Spirit. Will every officer arrange this at once, and will every reader pray that God will come out of His place, and give us such a time of blessing as we have never yet received! It shall be done. Lord, I believe.

* * *

Welcome to Ensign Turner, who has come to assist the Brigadier. He and his wife have fought a brave fight, and we shall rejoice to see them at the battle's front in the city and Province.

A SHELTERED NOOK

BY THE

LAKE OF THE WOODS.

BY MRS. MAJOR READ.

The hands of the depot clock point to 1:15 a.m., and we are informed there is still an hour and a-half to wait for the East-bound train, so we settle down to scribble a few lines by way of report for the dear WAR CRY, which we love, about our latest engagements in the War.

If "position is everything," ours certainly is not conducive to an interesting report. Our writing desk, for time being, an old tin box, and the hour being one, when "quiet nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," is supposed to steal soothingly over the weary brain, we beg the sympathetic Editor to have patience.

The scenery around us is enchanting, reminding us as we look over the waters of the bay, to the rugged and picturesque rocks across its moonlit waves, of some portions of dear, far away Newfoundland.

However, we must not fall into a reverie, though the place and hour are very tempting, but simply chronicle a few facts.

Just four nights ago at midnight, Cadet Hurst and the writer found themselves standing on the platform of the Keewatin Station.

We were "strangers in a strange land;" but having been invited to spend a few days here, we gladly accepted. We did not feel like strangers. Many minutes, for we soon found ourselves warmly received into the homes of Christian friends.

Meetings had been arranged, and by the kindness of Rev. Mr. Amand and manager of the Presbyterian Church, we held six services there.

As we had no brass band, drums, tambourines, and as F. R. S. was not along to enliven us, we did not make a great sensation. Nevertheless, God was with us in power, and as the meetings went on, interest and life increased.

A large crowd met us on Sunday night, and the dear Lord blessed Cadet Hurst's songs, and His own Word.

Tuesday night we conducted a meeting for sixteen only, and the Army's principles on "Women's Power and Influence," were explained; also an insight into Rescue Work given.

Following this, a nice congregation gathered, and we believe a profitable time was spent.

Rev. Mr. Morgan (Methodist), spoke very effectively on "Present Privileges and Opportunities." "We never appreciate our friends even, until they are gone," he said. He further pressed upon all the importance of availing themselves of this fast-fleeting chance to seek God.

A few appropriate words from the pastor, and we closed with greater faith for the following and last meeting.

We were not disappointed. In spite of a thunder storm coming up and somewhat disturbing.

Six Sought the Blessing

of a a clean heart. Previously, we had much song, the choruses being learned and taken up heartily by the audience.

Mrs. Amand had spoken of the great need of more earnestness and zeal on the part of God's people.

We had explained from the Book the "way of holiness."

It was indeed touching, after prayer, when the whole congregation, led by the pastor's wife, Mrs. Amand, sang:

"God be with you till we meet again."

We have never met more kindness than from the kind Keewatin people. Everywhere while visiting, CRY selling, the greatest courtesy was manifested.

One gentleman had not had a

"Cry" for Four or Five Years,

and was delighted to see one.

During our visit, we went down the beautiful Lake of the Woods, with its hundreds of tiny islands, to reconnoitre Rat Portage. Found apparently a flourishing town.

Here we made some preparatory arrangements for opening, which we purpose doing as soon as a suitable hall is available.

Everybody was kindness itself, and we expect a bright future for the Army in this place.

We must not forget the kindness of Rev. Mr. Amand and Mrs. Amand, Rev. Mr. Morgan, the friends who entertained us, and many others.

We are watching anxiously for our train to Port Arthur, where doubtless you will hear, dear WAR CRY, from again.

The Salvation Army Hotel

— OR —

THE WATER FRONT.

A Twelve Months' Work.

(Translated from the French in "Le Monde.")

One may not perhaps be in perfect sympathy with the Salvation Army and its evangelistic methods, but it must be confessed that the Salvationists are doing a great amount of good in the lowest classes of people and among the outcasts of this world one meets so frequently at the great centres.

One year ago Thursday the Salvationists opened their "*café*" at the corner of Commissioner and Callieri, Montreal. The establishment is actually a metamorphosis of Joe Beef's Canteen.

(Here follows a graphic description of Joe Beef and his career, which has already appeared in these columns.)

* * *

When Mr. and Mrs. McKiernan, for they were the ancient proprietors of the canteen named, were taken to their tombs, the establishment closed its doors. It is not in our minds to quote the canteen as a model, but it must be granted that the old soldier practised a noble charity to the Army of *abandonnés* which frequented the vicinity of the wharf.

* * *

It is a part of General Booth's plan to redeem the lower classes, and to open houses where people can hear a loving word which often stimulates courage and brings back the feeling of honor.

At Montreal the old canteen was evidently designed, by its past, for this work. Thus it was that last year the following letters were placed on the walls—

SALVATION LIGHTHOUSE; Or, JOE BEEF'S CONVERTED.

Salvation for the Body.

Salvation for the Soul.

During the twelve months the Salvation Army has done on the wharf side an unmistakable work of philanthropy and mercifulness.

Are you aware that during that period there have been served 70,026 meals?

Do you know that 19,212 persons have slept there?

Do you know that the meals cost from 13 to 15 cents only?

This amount of good is highly encouraging, and in spite of one's opinions or creed, one can't help crying in the face of such results, "Well done!"

When one enters the Salvation *café*, you are first in the dining-room.

(Here follow the different "menus," well known to our readers.)

On the same flat is the meeting room. You can see a platform, seats, an organ, and several mottoes. Here is a specimen: "Love God; that's the secret of happiness."

The second flat contains the officers' quarters, a smoking-room, and a reading-room for those who wish to pass the night there. Here are also the bath-rooms, the drying-room, and the laundry. Every lodger must have a bath. If he wishes, he can wash his clothes and get them back dry in the morning. The laundry and drying-room are at his own convenience.

If he wishes to pass several days in the establishment, he can put his effects in a drawer found in the storeroom. He is given a number, which admits him to the compartment assigned to him.

The bedrooms occupy the third and upper stories. There are 144 beds, all arranged like the bunks in a steamship. Ten cents is the charge.

Under the roof can be found what is termed the *Chambre des Hyvernes*. This is a fumigating room, where the linen of certain boarders is disinfected.

* * *

The frequenters of the cafe are principally the wharf hands, emigrants, and people for whom the sun of the good God never seems to smile—those out of work, and tramps.

In this category is found more than one man who has seen better days; but whom vice—especially whiskey or crime—has cursed for ever.

As a rule, those who come in behave themselves.

Of the moral and religious work of the Army we do not treat. We have simply exposed to our readers the work of the Salvation *Café*. In it there is a lesson which, one day or the other, will be useful to our charitable institutions and workmen's unions.

As to the Army's work of regeneration, it is certain that more than one poor devil has been drawn from the depths of vice by the Salvationists, has heard for the first time of a God to the sound of the tambourines, and has repented of his sins to cries of "Hallelujah," more or less harmonious from the girls with red waists.

As a priest of this city, a prominent temperance worker, said to us one day, "The Army has proved its necessity if it has converted one drunkard, or if it hinders him but one night from beating his wife and frightening his children."

It is in this spirit that we have written these lines, having for a motive the desire to recognize any good that is done, no matter from what direction.

* * *

We are in the age of social problems, which confront the Governments and those who have the care of the people. To help his comrade in difficulty without humiliating him. That is a solution always acceptable and accepted.

That is what Booth, surrounded in England on all sides by victims of frightful poverty and hideous vice, has attempted for the relief of his fellow-citizens.

Here is a means of drying tears, especially if to the dining room is added a reasonable and economical charge, where the wanderer can find for a few cents healthy and beneficial food.

What Constitutes "A Hard Go?"

The identical deck-chair, which accompanied Adjutant Smeeton two years ago on his journey across the Herring Pond to the Land of the Maple Leaf, still stands within the door of the WAR CRY office.

With all the cautiousness of a Scotchman by birth and education, Ensign Patterson lowered himself into this comfortable seat, otherwise we should almost have needed a speaking tube to reach his ear, "paregorically speaking" (as the little boy said).

"We understand you represent a district which is acknowledged to be about the toughest in the Dominion, Ensign. Wherein lies the difficulty?"

"Well," he meditated, as he scrutinized the dust on his boots, "all stations are hard. Sherbrook certainly has drawbacks and difficulties, but so has every other place, as far as my experience goes; if it isn't one thing, it's another."

We could scarcely contradict this philosophical assertion, so the Ensign continued:

"The greater proportion of the Sherbrooke population are French-Canadians, and of course, Catholics, so the popular feeling is all against the Army; the absence of outside sympathy makes it very hard, but we are gaining ground."

Every statement, however dark, was polished off this way at the end, with some redeeming ray of hope, until we were stirred to admiration at the fresh evidence of that quenchless spirit of courage that carries our fearless Salvationists forward over many an impassible mountain, where ordinary mortals must faint and fall.

"The lads at first were very rough," he admitted, "doing all to upset our openairs; but we are getting the victory, they don't do it now—the police won't let them. Yes, we were obliged to apply for protection, and we got it too. Oh, but we have beautiful open-airs, they will listen out of doors in crowds, when you cannot by any means coax them inside. They don't hootand yell like they used to either. Yes, our crowds are really good. All classes of people will listen, but they are largely the poorer ones.

The Ensign pensively put his head on one side and appeared to gaze into the recesses of the only pigeon-hole which generally remains empty—it is docketed "RELIGION AT HOME."

"What about the barracks?" we prompted. He ran his finger through his auburn hair, ruffled it all up, smoothed it down again, and then replied:

"We cannot get the crowd in at all. It is the centre of Romanism almost, Catholic colleges you see, and feeling runs strong—but they are getting to understand us better, I believe."

"What about the visiting?"

"We cannot do very much visiting, except among our own soldiers. Our reason is that so many are French-speaking. I believe the population census gives out of a total of twelve thousand, ten thousand French Catholics.

"Another thing added to the difficulty was, that while I was away on sick leave, they thought the Army had closed right up and quit. So it was almost like beginning again. Of course, the want of sympathy is very depressing all the time—but we are rising.

"The hall is awkward, too—it is up two flights of stairs, and we can only get the same old crowd inside to deal with. It is depressing to talk to a small congregation.

"Why not get another hall?"

"Can't!" was the brief monosyllable.

"Why not?"

"They won't let one to us. A little while ago we were in hopes we had a good chance; but when the lawyer heard, he wouldn't listen to an application for a moment under any conditions. Said we were too noisy—frighten the other tenants, and so on."

Yet again he rebounded to the bright side. "But we have had some beautiful cases of conversion, quite a nice few souls in the Sherbrooke District; they are getting on nicely, too. Praise God!"

"Are the soldiers men or women, chiefly?"

"Half-and-half about. We get very little encouragement; everybody stands off from us. But we've cleared off nearly thirty dollars' debt, and we are steadily gaining a footing. There is so much work, you see, undoing false impressions about our principles.

"Children? Oh, no; it's all we can do to look after the seniors at present. Of course, the little things hear what their parents say about us, and copy them—they yell at us a bit."

"Do you sometimes feel discouraged?"

"No; never once. I feel God placed me there. I have been at other hard goes, and come out victoriously, with God's help.

"Salary? Oh, dear no! I haven't had one cent since I've been there."

"Food? Well, as to that, one takes what one can get. Sometimes one has to live on very little; but I keep strong and healthy all the same. Oh, yes."

"Sherbrooke is a beautiful city—magnificent in some respects. There's the River St. Francis and the Magog, and the volume of water comes from a high level through the city, and drives the mills.

"There's the knee-drill starting downstairs. Good-bye."

Ensign Patterson vanished, leaving a broad smile behind him, which floated around the office for some time after his departure.

Mitchell.—Arrived at Mitchell just in time to get ready for the Sunday meetings, and found a brave little band of soldiers ready with open hearts to welcome their new officers. We have already found the way into each other's hearts, and are believing for a mighty out-pouring of God's Holy Spirit upon this place. We rule by love, and love shall conquer. — Captain LANZ and Lieutenant PATTERSON.

Dartmouth, N. S.—It affords us much pleasure to be able to state again that God is giving us victory. Last week one soul got saved, and three came out for the blessing of a clean heart. Hallelujah!

The weather is warm, and the devil is fast laying plans to lead the people into the so-called pleasure that will but mock them in the end. But we, by the help of God, will be too many for him, and will not cease to keep before the people the real claims of God. We are believing for victory in the future.—Captain MRS. PELLEY.

Annapolis, N. S.—SEEN AND HEARD.—I saw Captain Knight at the station, and soon we were in the quarters. I went up the street for a walk, and who should I see but our old friend Mr. Cochrane from St. John, who is in the shoe business in this town.

I heard the Ensign say that he ought to be saved.

I saw a good crowd at the open-air on Tuesday night, but I saw a bigger crowd on Wednesday.

I heard Brother McKay, from Annapolis, say that in this very town he had often spent days and nights drinking and gambling, but God had kept him saved seven years.

I saw five ministers at the open-air meeting that night.

I saw thirteen of the Annapolis soldiers and recruits there.

I heard the Bridgetown people sing, and it would have done your heart good to have been there.

I heard a man about "All aboard," and soon Captain Knight and I were on our way to Bridgewater, which is seventy-five miles from Bridgetown.

I heard that Captain Larder, who has charge of this corps, was farewelling.

I heard them say they were having an ice cream social.

I saw a good crowd at the meeting.

Lunenburg comes next. I have heard of this place before.

I did a good thing on Sunday afternoon when I dedicated Sister Acker's two children to the Lord.

I heard a poor drunk say when I was speaking about the sufferings of Calvary's Lamb. "Poor Jesus!" Sinner, have you seen the blood flow from His side? Look and see.

Liverpool was next. I heard that Captain Allen was going to be married to Lieutenant McKenzie on Thursday night.

So I found it was true, for I had the joy of helping to tie the knot.

I saw as good a crowd in the barracks at Liverpool as I have seen for a long time in any place I have been.

I heard Captain Allen say, after he had been married a few minutes, that he didn't feel any different, but he knew he was married.

I heard the people say he looked happy. May the Lord bless him and his wife.

And now I am back to Annapolis, and have done a good week's work; travelled 216 miles by train, driven 86 miles by stage coach, led 18 meetings, enrolled two recruits—a man and wife, dedicated two children, helped to marry Captain Allen and Lieutenant McKenzie, and am saved and happy in the Lord.—Ensign ALWARD.

EMERSON CIRCLE CORPS.

SOULS AND MOSQUITOS.—Yes, the time had come at last, and we were not to be disappointed this time, so we have the pony hitched to the cart and start off to Jolliett, where we were to meet Mrs. Major Read and Captain Shea, and then we all become natives of the Stars and Stripes. With the assistance of Brother Tailor's team and buggy we managed to arrive at his place in good condition.

It's time we were off to the meeting, was the next interesting theme. Then the team was put to the lumber wagon and away to the school-house.

"Where do all the people come from?" is a very reasonable question to be asked, but when we see that on every side, as far as the eye can scan, there are farm houses, and then look at the number of rigs around, and still more coming from every direction, no wonder the Jolliett school-house, and yard too, was full, and all had a real, good time.

Sergeant-Major Cahaughnessy smiled all the time as though he rather liked the business. Captain Shea, with his free and easy way, made himself quite at home, and everybody else looked happy.

Brother White said, "I was a very bad Frenchman. I smoked by profession. I swore by profession. I drank tea by profession. I drank whiskey by profession." On being asked if he thought tea was a sin, he said "No," but he thought it was time for him to stop, for he used a pound a week.

Mrs. Read took them all by storm.

The soldiers' meeting after was a good time. The soldiers were smiling happy. Lieutenant Baxter was almost overcome. Captains Shea and Bailey danced, and everybody sang, "We're soldiers in the Army," till Mrs. Read could hardly help going at it in Newfoundland style.

The next is Carlyle, about seven miles northwest of Jolliett, where Sergeant-Major O'Shaughnessy lives and smiles all day. The school-house hasn't enough seats, so the People came with chairs and boards in their wagons so that we all might be comfortable. Brother Argue was there with his violin. Mrs. Read taught us how to make a drum, so that we might be up to the times in these country brigades; everybody enjoyed themselves to the third degree, so we wound up and go home.

"Good morning, Mrs. Read." "Good morning, Captain Bailey." "How far is it to Emerson?" "About fourteen miles." "How are we going?" "Sergeant-Major will take you and Captain Shea in his buggy, and Lieutenant and I will go in our cart." So off we go, in sight of the American fort, through Pembina; we pass the customs officer and we find ourselves real live Canadians again. Saturday night Captain Shea called for a solo from the Nightingale, which he said, could sing like a crow. Mrs. Read dealt out the truth in good style and invited sinners to God.

Sunday, 7 o'clock. Captain Shea leads the way, we get our soul well blessed, and we begin to feel like lions.

The holiness meeting was conducted by Mrs. Read; we were all brought to face ourselves; we measure ourselves and see that we are all right, and then we are in for war. Two brothers sought "the blessing." In the afternoon meeting Mrs. Read talked on the Social and Rescue operations of the Army, which proved very clearly to the minds of the people that there is a great work going on in the Salvation Army circles. When the invitation was given one soul volunteered.

At seven o'clock again we went for a soldier's meeting; for one hour we had some earnest talk about the needs of the war; then into the public meeting at which every one seemed to want to do their best to strike a dead blow at sin. Some were wounded; one was wounded so bad that he said he would publicly come out to the penitent-form the first chance he had.

Monday, Oh, that memorable day! After long searching to get a rig out to go to Ridgeville we manage to start, we drove twelve miles more of the prairie land and reach the the little Methodist church, where we conduct our meeting and find a good number there. The farmers around this place know how to enjoy a good free-and-easy salvation, and in spite of those long-billed mosquitoes that bit me right through my guernsey, and tried to ornament Mrs. Read's hallelujah bonnet with their beautiful appearance, and almost colored the wall because they were so thick, and chased some of the people out of the building. We soldiers stuck to our guns till the last battle was fought.

We shall not forget the soldiers' meeting after the other was over. It was really on Salvation Army lines.

Mr. Jack drove about twenty miles after the meeting was over in order to get us home in time to start off for Morden, a distance of about fifty-five or sixty miles. We arrive home about four o'clock a.m. and begin to make preparations for the journey. Our war horse is soon hooked fast to the chariot, and we (Mrs. Read, Captain Shea and Captain Bailey) start off on the long journey. A little before five o'clock a.m. we all feel like singing,

"'Twill be a happy day when we get there,
Soldiers of the Jubilee,
'Twill be a happy day when we get there,
Soldiers of the Cross."

THE CONGRESS

— FROM —

The Standpoint of the Daily Press.

The comments of the papers are too numerous to reprint intact, but we clip a few brief extracts here and there.

In the evening a banquet was given to a large number of visiting officers at Lippincott Street barracks, while a crowded meeting of officers was also held in the Y. W. C. A. hall, Elm Street, addressed by Commandant Herbert and Mrs. Booth.—*Montreal Witness*, 15-6-'94.

The Y. W. C. A. Hall, Elm Street, held crowded audiences of officers at three meetings of the Congress yesterday, when Commandant Booth explained a long program of new plans for the extension of the Army's work in all its branches.—*Empire*, 16-6-'94.

SALVATION ARMY CAMP.

The attendance at the Salvation Army camp meeting yesterday at Wells' Hill exceeded the expectations of the officers who had made the arrangements. The large tent was thronged, and a large crowd, unable to get in, was addressed at overflow services. Inspector Archibald, who was present, called the crowds and the enthusiasm Christianity on fire. The success caused the Commandant to announce that a year hence a camp meeting to last ten days would be held in the same locality.—*Globe*, 18-6-'94.

Every incoming train is bringing numbers of Salvationists to take part in the great Congress. The meetings on the Salvation Army grounds on Wells' Hill have been so largely attended that the extensive accommodation prepared has proved inadequate, a sure sign of success. The picnic to the Army's Social Farm at Little York on Saturday, was patronized by about 600 members of the Army, who spent an exceedingly pleasant day.—*Mail*, 18-6-'94.

At an early hour yesterday morning the camp was stirring, and the day was spent in religious devotions. At 7 a.m., "knee-drill" was indulged in, which was a prolonged prayer meeting, with all attendants on their knees. At 10:30 a united holiness meeting was held, at which the many prominent officers present participated. Again at 2:30 and 6:30 in the afternoon services were held. The city corps were out in full force, and with them were representatives from all the battalions and barracks of the Army now to be found in almost every town and city in Canada and Newfoundland. All the meetings at the camp yesterday passed off in an orderly and enthusiastic manner.—*Empire*, 18-6-'94.

Major Read read a passage of Scripture about Abijah and Asa. Other officers also spoke, and Commandant Booth then gave a very striking address, which was listened to with the most profound attention. The afternoon meeting was favored with a good crowd, many of the leading officers of the Army taking part. The sanctifying of saints was the topic. Mr. Booth delivered himself of another whole-hearted discourse, which every now and again was received with great applause. Major Morris took an active part in the after meeting, at which came forward a few folk for this higher life. At night the Jubilee hall was packed to the doors. The Commandant took up the greater part of the time with an interesting address. Mrs. Booth sang during the service very sweetly. She has a beautiful voice, and holds her hearers spell-bound while they listen to her.—*Globe*, 19-6-'94.

During the morning's meeting the Commandant gave a striking discourse on religion which was listened to with profound attention. At the afternoon meeting the subject for discussion was the "Sanctifying of Saints," and Mr. Booth made another of his brilliant addresses. In the evening the Jubilee hall was packed to the doors, and again the Commandant took up the greater part of the time. During the services Mrs. Booth sang frequently. She has a sweet voice, which pleases her hearers.—*Empire*, 19-6-'94.

Horses fed under the Trees.

AT WELLS' HILL.

Major Read read the Bible lesson. Other officers also spoke, then Commandant Booth gave a very striking address, which was listened to with the most profound attention. The afternoon meeting was favored with a large attendance. Many of the leading officers of the Army took part. "The sanctifying of saints" was the topic. Mr. Booth delivered himself of another discourse, which every now and again was received with great applause. Major Morris took an active part in the after meeting. At night the Jubilee hall was packed to the doors. The Commandant's address took up the greater part of the time. He based his remarks chiefly upon the story of Christ casting the devils into the swine, and brought out the moral by saying they had the good sense to drown themselves when possessed by these spirits. Mrs. Booth sang several sacred selections during the evening.—*Mail*, 19-6-'94.

THE SPECIAL SERVICES ATTENDED BY IMMENSE CROWDS.—Great crowds still continue to attend the Salvation Army meetings at the Jubilee hall, and there is tremendous enthusiasm in all the meetings. The united and brotherly love apparent in the Army is said to be greater than has been the case for some time. The Commandant's addresses have been listened to with the greatest appreciation. His descriptions of Bible characters being especially good. The audience sat enraptured as Mrs. Booth sang in her unique and beautiful style at different parts of the day.

A large staff of officers including the most prominent men of the Army in Canada have rendered excellent assistance to the meetings throughout.—*Star*, 20-6-'94.

Over 500 Salvationists left the city yesterday for Hamilton, arriving there early in the afternoon. The people of the Ambitious City accorded the Salvationists a splendid welcome, the main street being thronged by interested and sympathetic spectators, as the huge march, which had been reinforced by the local contingent, passed toward the City Hall, where a halt was called. There was tremendous cheering when Major Stewart stepped into the carriage in which Commander Booth and his principal officers were seated. The Mayor read over an address of welcome which was signed by the ministers of Hamilton, and said that in his official capacity as Mayor he cordially welcomed Commandant Booth and the Toronto Salvationists to the city. In his former position as Chief of Police in Hamilton he had opportunity of proving the value of the Army work; he could testify that it was for good. He also made a very kind reference to the General's approaching visit. Commandant Booth made a suitable reply, after which the united bands played, "God save the Queen."—*Globe*, 21-6-'94.

A large crowd of Salvationists and their friends went to Hamilton by boat yesterday morning. On arriving at the Ambitious City a mass meeting was held opposite the City Hall, where Mayor Stewart read an address of welcome to the visitors. The party enjoyed themselves in various ways, and all returned to Toronto at night without mishap.—*Mail*, 21-6-'94.

About 3,000 members and friends of the Salvation Army were at the Musical Festival last night at the Massey Hall. This event, which concluded the June Congress, was preceded by a street parade and demonstration of the Army's work and methods. The procession started from the Temple, Albert Street, at 7:30 o'clock, and attracted considerable public attention *en route* to the hall. It was headed by three uniformed outriders and a contingent of field officers. The procession included two brass bands, Commandant and Mrs. Booth in a carriage, Rescue and Mercy bands of young women officers in vans, matrons from the various Homes with some of the orphan children sheltered in them, a van showing a company of old topers as they were before they joined the Army, and other "demonstrations."

In the hall the scenes were varied and striking. Some 500 officers, about two-thirds of whom were young women, occupied the platform. At the front was the combined brass band. Commandant Booth wielded the conductor's baton with skill and effect. Mrs. Booth was the leading soloist. The program consisted largely of choruses, emphasized by waving of scarlet handkerchiefs, clapping of hands and "volleys" of hallelujahs. The Commandant and Mrs. Booth on going on the platform were greeted with prolonged cheers, vieing with the enthusiasm of the most zealous political gatherings.

The novelties were the representation of Prison Gate and other features of Salvation Army work, a realistic police constable bringing on an apparently very delapidated specimen of humanity. The audience was appreciative to a high degree. The doxology, powerfully rendered, and the benediction impressively pronounced by Commandant Booth, brought the Festival to a close.—*Globe*, 22-6-'94.

Ingersoll.—Captain MacKenzie has farewelled, and owing to ill-health, has gone to rest. We welcome in her place Captain and Mrs. Wynn, who we feel confident will do a good work here.—A SOLDIER.

IN THE DINING TENT

AT WELLS' HILL.

Why?

Original for the War Cry. F. S.

I'm trusting in my Risen Head
For guidance on my way;
By streams with living waters fed,
He leads me day by day.

I'm looking for my coming Lord
To take His power and reign
O'er man renewed, and earth restored,
And cleansed from every stain.

WAR ITEMS.

BY MAJOR J. READ.

One hundred and eleven dollars, eleven cents ($111.11), was Port Arthur's total to the Jubilee Fund.

The *Athabasca*, of the C. P. R., is just a nautical gem. On board this boat I met a man whose father assisted the General in his early Cornish meetings.

Eighty-one summers had been lived by an aged O. of R. canoe, who was on board; yet he delighted in the service of God, and much enjoyed the meeting.

The "Soo" is a fine city for the Salvation Army. America is ahead of us on her side, but we must attack the Canadian side right away.

Away in the steerage part of the steamer sat a party of "toughs" round a long, rough table—playing cards and smoking dirty pipes.

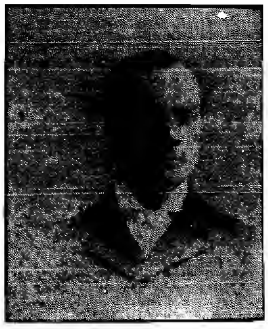
Opposite to them, in the neat varnished smoking-room, sat about a dozen business gentlemen and dudes. Round neat, little square tables they sat—playing cards and smoking dirty pipes.

In the upper daintily decorated saloon, at one of the plush-covered tables, sat a party of six ladies and gentlemen—playing cards, but not smoking, because the habit was prohibited in the saloon.

Question: Wherein came the difference?

Answer: The clothes and position.

A gentleman and lady boarded the steamer at Port Arthur. They had with them several dogs which had taken prizes in various exhibitions. What care they took of them pet animals! Would to God that some of it had been lavished upon the poor steerage passengers down stairs!



REV. HUGH PEDLEY

(Congregationalist).

A WARM SYMPATHIZER WITH THE ARMY WORK.

We passed some peculiar boats while sailing down the "Soo" River. In shape they resemble a cigar, and ride over the waves beautifully.

In a storm the crew go from stem to stern, and thus escape the waves which may dash over. God is a refuge in every time of storm.

A straw on the river's surface indicates the direction of its current. The current of the bulk of the passengers' hearts and minds evidently ran towards worldly rapids. Novels, cards, cigars, and worldly conversation were the straws which acted as good (or bad) indicators.

Moose Jaw.—Just think of it! We are having victory here in Moose Jaw. The other night some person met us on the street and said:

"Why don't you people come down to the gravel-pit and have a meeting?"

"Where is that?" said the Captain.

"Oh, just down the railway track two or three hundred yards," was the answer.

So we made arrangements to hold an open-air meeting there a few nights afterwards, and we just had a beautiful time. There were about seventy present, all of whom listened very attentively, and seemed interested about salvation. We placed the big drum in the ring for a penitent-form, and invited the people to come to the Saviour. Then we marched back to town, and as we did so, almost the whole crowd fell in and marched with us. May God bless and save them.

At night one dear soul came boldly out and got properly saved. Her brother was saved a few weeks ago, and her mother, who has been a Christian for a number of years, came on the march and platform yesterday for the first time. So we are believing to have the whole family soon. They are all musicians, I believe, and the devil has no right to them.—LIEUT. DAVIDSON.

LET us surrender ourselves to God as living sacrifices for our fellows—for lost men, women and children, whom God loved and died to save. To us, God's salvation soldiers, this is no more than a reasonable service.

LEDSCAN.

(Evidently a Relative of Sipsog.)

We will call its name Ledscan, although its not pronounced the same as it is spelt here; the same letters in other order would spell the right word.

The origin of Ledscan is hard to find out, although it is thought that he is a near relative of Mr. and Mrs. Evilmind, whose family reside in Hades, a country where damned souls dwell, governed by a cruel king, whose name is Apollyon.

This king is continually making war with the children of God, who are upon the earth, and this Ledscan, who is an expert in the art of causing dissension and strife, is a faithful worker of the king Apollyon.

I have already given you some idea of his antecedents, so you can readily see how gifted he is for the work he has in hand.

We will now pass on to ——— corps, a flourishing little station, with a roll of about twenty soldiers, and except for a few talk-about-everybody folks, it would be a perfect corps.

Now, it happened on a certain Thursday that the new Captain was to take charge, and as the train which brought him arrived at 5 p.m., Sister Smoothtongue, with her daughter, was at the station to meet him, and invite him home to tea. The Captain, being tired with the day's travelling, gladly consented, and was soon sitting down to a good hearty meal. While Captain was taking tea Brother Findfault, who, since his wife died, has lived a few doors from Sister Smoothtongue, hearing of the officer's arrival, called to welcome him, and give, as he called it, a little advice concerning the corps, for, said Brother Findfault, "I have been a soldier for five years, and I know everybody in the town; I know the failures of all the soldiers, and if you do just as I advise you, Captain, you'll get along well."

While this talk was going on, Ledscan was jumping, unobserved, from one seat to another, until at last he sat himself upon Sister Smoothtongue's lap.

"Well," said Sister Smoothtongue, "this would be a good corps if it was not for the likes of Brother Consistent and Sister Tenderconscience, and just one or two others."

"Yes," chimed in the daughter, "the last Captain made too much fuss of them, and I don't believe in people who need so much nursing and coaxing to keep them right. Look at Sister Faltering, she's been to the penitent form three times, and although it's now nine months since she came, I think she'll soon backslide."

Ledscan, who seemed jubilant with the conversation, at once sprang from his sitting-place and climbed right under Brother Findfault's guernsey, who, feeling the influence, began,

"I firmly believe that about the coaxing business; I reckon if a person is saved they will keep right without a lot of caring for, and I believe the officers make too much fuss of some. There's Brother Hithard, who drives some people away by his straight talk, and the Captain encourages him."

"It's a shame; we ought to study people's feelings, and do as St. Paul says, 'become all things to all people.' What this corps wants is a Captain who will study to please the people, and if they do this the people will help him, but if not, they'll not give a cent in the collection."

The Captain looked at his watch, and seeing it nearly seven o'clock proposed a word of prayer before going to open-air.

The meeting that night seemed hard and uninteresting to the Captain, who went to his quarters downcast and heavy hearted.

Ledscan, who had followed him home and was sitting on the same chair, at once leaped under his guernsey. (Ledscan's chief hiding place is under the guernsey.)

"Oh, dear," mused the Captain, "I don't know what I shall do if the soldiers are as bad as Sister Smoothtongue and Brother Findfault say they are, but I expect it's true, for they spoke so nice, and they seem good soldiers."

At this Ledscan laughed outright, which so alarmed the Captain that he dropped to his knees and commenced singing,

"Give me a heart like Thine," etc.

This was too much for Ledscan. He fled from the quarters, and where he went to is not known, but although the Captain spent the best of the night in prayer, Ledscan made no reappearance.

Next day while visiting, the Captain called on Sister Smoothtongue. No sooner did Ledscan, who until now had been concealed, see him than he leaped on to Sister Smoothtongue's lap, and laid himself comfortably down.

"Well, Captain," began Sister Smoothtongue, "what a hard meeting we had last night, but it always is the same, when Sister Faltering and Brother Hithard are there; he's too severe and hard with the people, and they won't stand it."

As the Captain was listening, Ledscan jumped for joy, but the moment the Captain said, "Let us pray," and commenced singing the chorus,

"Then bear it in mind, to others be kind,
God will reward you some day;
If a comrade you find, who's lagging behind,
Just give him a lift on the way,"

Ledscan fled as if chased for his life.

Sister Smoothtongue seemed troubled at the Captain's prayer, and told her daughter that she thought the Captain was offended, as he wouldn't listen to all she had to say.

"Well," said the daughter, "if he don't want to, let him do the other thing. I am sure we're not going to run after him."

The Captain that day visited every soldier, prayed with each, and returned home cheered up a bit.

The meeting that night went with a swing, and two souls got gloriously converted.

Brother Findfault suggested that whenever Brother Goahead is not at the meeting they have a good time, for he kills all the spirit of it by his shouting.

Ledscan once again made his appearance, and the Captain copying him, proposed a word of prayer, at which Ledscan ran off. From this night the Captain saw plainly that it was the influence of Ledscan that led Sister Smoothtongue and Brother Findfault to speak evil of others, and so determined to pray whenever Ledscan was about. He had found out the value of prayer over this imp Ledscan. This had a wonderful effect, although it meant the loss of a few names from the Soldiers' Roll, for very shortly Sister Smoothtongue, who was a widow, married Brother Findfault.

The Captain spent some months at the corps. The corps increased from twenty to forty soldiers. The spirit of love reigned. Each soldier esteemed the others better than himself. CAPTAIN SEIS.

[Send us some more of this kind, Captain.—ED]

ONLY A DROP.

It was in a city where the church bells ring
their merry chime,
Saying to the congregation, "Now, be
sure to be on time;"
And Salvation Army soldiers, in the rain,
the snow or sleet,
Nightly beat their drums for Jesus, while
they march through lane or street.

Once as we were visiting, coming near a
certain house;
Here we stopped. I knocked and listened,
enter it we surely must;
Presently the door was opened, and a
woman's voice said "Come!"
Through the dirt and filth we entered,
took a seat within that room.

As that woman sat before me, and I looked
into her face,
Signs of sin, remorse, and sorrow, once
enough had left its trace;
Hair once dark, was getting whitened:
eyes once bright, were growing dim,
While her breath was now polluted with
the whiskey and the gin.

I might once have been a lady, had soft
carpets 'neath my feet.
"Yes," she said, "I'd not known misery,
only for this cursed drink;
I would be a sober woman, live respected
and be blessed,
And instead of rags about me, would be
comfortably dressed."

As we stood and listened to her sorrow
stirred our hearts within,
Just to think that she, our sister, was addicted to such sin;
We at once then spoke of Jesus, He Who
came to seek the lost,
Telling her He would receive her, for He
died upon the Cross.

Ere we left, we knelt together, prayed that
God Himself would bless
Joy and gladness, peace and freedom, to
this soul so stained with sin.
As we left, she came behind us, saying, "I
will give it up!
I no longer want to taste it—drink—the
serpent in the cup!"

CAPTAIN PENNEY.
St. John I., N.B.

Picton.—I am glad I am able to report victory while being left without officers. We have had the pleasure of seeing FOUR back sliders come home, and are believing for more Praise God for ever. Since Captain left we have had another Army funeral, the little daughter of Brother and Sister Shaw. Service conducted by Lieutenants Carter and Bird, of Desmonte corps.—J. B. WOOD, for present Major.

Coming Events

THE TORONTO PROVINCE.

Look this way. **Brigadier and Mrs. de Baptiste**, assisted by Ensign and Mrs. Turner, will conduct great Camp Meetings in Toronto Province as follows: Oakville, June 30th to July 5th; Hamilton, July 10th to 16th; St. Catharines, July 20th to 25th; Jarvis, July 26th to 30th; Cooke's Point, August 2nd to 7th; Lindsay, August 14th to 20th; Uxbridge, August 22nd to 27th; Toronto, August 29th to September 12th. A real red hot series of meetings will be arranged for, comprising musical meetings, holiness meetings, and salvation meetings, to wind up with a real candidates' hoom. All candidates to report themselves to Brigadier de Baptiste. Bunns and string bands to the front. Tents for hire at reasonable rates.

THE EASTERN PROVINCE.

Brigadier Jacobs.—Just the thing for St. John. By the kind permission of the mayor, a Great Field Day will be held on Partridge Island, July 2nd. Meetings all day in a large tent to accommodate 1000. S.S. "Lillie" will run trips every hour. Fare 25 cents.

Camp Meetings. Fredericton, July 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th. Meetings all day. Special attack on Sunday. Brigadier Jacobs and staff of officers will be present. Special fare on the river boats from St. John 51 return.

THE WESTERN PROVINCE.

GREAT CAMP MEETINGS

on the Agricultural Grounds at Portage la Prairie. The dates of these Camp Meetings are as follows: Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 30th, July 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th. Winnipeg Brass Band in attendance. Wonderful gatherings of the S.A. class. Five cents admission at the gate, by ticket only. Canteen on the grounds. Buy program for further information. Uniform and S.A. literature can be bought on the Camp Grounds. Meetings led by Major and Mrs. Read, assisted by Adjutant Hagar, Ensign Rawling, Captains Shaw and Lowry, and a host of other officers and soldiers.

Fierce combustion, terrific encounters, desperate battles, arms for camps, open-air manœuvres, happy marches, war, victory and glory. Major and Mrs. Read (Provincial Secretary) will visit and conduct special meetings at Rosevale, Wednesday and Thursday, July 17th and 18th; Prince Albert, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th; Moose Jaw, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, July 20th, 21st and 22nd; Calgary, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 25th and 26th; Edmonton, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, July 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th. The Major will be assisted at the Camp meetings by Adjt. and Mrs. Archibald, Vancouver, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, August 3rd, 4th and 5th; New Westminster, Monday and Tuesday, August 6th and 7th; Nanaimo, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 8th, 9th and 10th; Victoria, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, August 11th, 12th and 13th. The Major will bring with him a trunk of Army uniforms and literature, and all candidates should make themselves known to either Mrs. Read or the Major. This is important.

Emerson Circle Corps Camp Meetings, at Pembina, North Dakota, on July 7th, 8th and 9th led by Major and Mrs. Read, Provincial Secretary, assisted by Ensign and Mrs. Hutchens, Ensign Lowry, Captains Shaw, Bailey, Hewitt and Lieutenants Baxter and Melvin. Probably some American officers will be present. Soldiers and friends from Manitoba and North Dakota will rally up in force.

Adjutant Hunton's Tour.—Bowmanville, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, July 1st, 2nd and 3rd; Trenton, Wednesday and Thursday, July 4th and 5th; Millbrook, Friday, July 6th; Omemee, Sunday and Monday, July 9th and 10th; Lindsay, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, July 10th, 11th and 12th; Fenelon Falls, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, July 13th, 14th and 15th; Kinmount, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 16th and 17th; Cobourg, Thursday, July 18th; Norham, Sunday and Monday, July 23rd and 24th; Brown's Hill, Tuesday, July 25th; Unionville, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, July 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th; Port Perry, Monday and Tuesday, July 30th and 31st; Stouffville, Wednesday and Thursday, August 1st and 2nd; Union Hall, Friday, August 3rd; Markham, Saturday and Sunday, August 4th and 5th; Toronto, August 6th.

Captain Crook's Tour.—Bridgetown, Saturday, Sunday [illegible] June 29th, July 1st and [illegible] Yesterday and Thursday, July 4th and [illegible]

LOST FRIENDS' COLUMN.

To the Distressed.

The Salvation Army invites parents, relations and friends, in any part of the world, interested in any woman or girl who is known or feared to be living in immorality, or is in danger of coming under the control of immoral persons, to write, stating full particulars, with names, dates and residences of all concerned, and, if possible, a photograph of the person in whom the interest is taken.

We shall charge 25 cents for two advertisements (25 cents for one) of not more than five lines each. One dollar will be charged for anything above this and not exceeding ten lines. This is necessary to pay expenses of time and printing.

We are prepared to receive inquiries from any person. The *fullest possible* particulars should always be given in correspondence relating to these inquiries so as to avoid delays and expense. The number of the advertisement should in every case be quoted.

All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and must be addressed to HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commandant, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, with the word "Inquiry" on the corner of the envelope.

NOTE.—Don't forget that the sum of fifty cents must be sent with each case before it can be dealt with. This will save much trouble.

Persons making inquiries for lost friends through our Inquiry Department will kindly remember to keep us posted in the event of changing their address. This is most important.

1418 **Mankeen, Benjamin Samuel.** Church of England Clergyman; last heard of, in Toronto—also

Thomas Mankeen, supposed to be in Toronto, cabinet-maker. Information earnestly sought by anxious friends. Address as above.—U. S. Cpls. please copy.

1419 **Lynch, Alfred Ernest.** Tall, stout, dark complexion, blue eyes. Age 31 years. Left his home in Trenton five years ago. Has not been heard from for over a year. He was then in Anaconda, Montana. Spoke of going to Salt Lake. He was said to have been seen in Idaho. His wife is very anxious, and any news of his whereabouts will be most gratefully received.—U. S. Cpls please copy.

AGAIN IN STOCK.

Owing to a great demand in certain publications, we had recently sold out some new lines in a very short time. We have now again the following publications in stock, which we can supply by return mail:

PETER CANTWRIGHT, the Backwood's Preacher. Cloth, 50 cts.

BILLY BRAY, the King's Son. Cloth, 40 cts.

PERFECT LOVE.—By Rev. J. A. Wood. $1.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.—By Rev. W. Jones. 50 cts.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH, Being the Life of Samuel Hick. Cloth, 50 cts.

PURITY AND MATURITY.—By Rev. J. A. Wood. Cloth, 75 cts.

MINISTERS BEAUTIFUL YEARS.—By Frances E. Willard. Cloth, 90 cts.

READ THEM.

AUTOHARPS.

We have made arrangements with the manufacturers, and are now selling autoharps at the following rates:

No.	Strings	Bars	Producing	Chords	PRICE
" 2—23	23	4	"	4	$ 4 00
" 2—23	" 23	" 5	"	5	" 5 50
" 3—36	" 36	" 4	"	9	" 11 50
" 4—36	" 36	" 5	"	11	" 13 00
" 5—36	" 36	" 5	"	12	" 22 50
" 6—36	" 36	" 6	"	16	" 27 00

OUR Branch Coal and Wood Office is at the corner of Lippincott and Ulster Streets. Prompt and careful attention to all orders.

DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT.

...s Should Wear Regulation Uniform!

...he way to get it is to write to the Trade ...tory for samples of Dress Goods and ...Measurement Forms, and order at once. ...s: variety in Serges and Cashmeres. ...Headquarters!

N E W !

Now Ready for Sale.

...'S CRIMSON CASHMERE BLOUSES

...e of fine material. Just the thing you ...ant for summer. We make them in ... three qualities, at

...1.75, $2.00 and $2.25 each.

... ordering send size of neck with order.

HAVE YOU READ

Perfect Love,"

By REV. J. A. WOOD?

...e book you should read. You can ...tain it from the Trade Secretary at $1.00 per copy.

Your TRIMMED BONNET Early

...t it in time. Now is the rush. All Prices.

SONGS FOR ALL MEETINGS.

We'll Fight.

BY SERGEANT-MAJOR E. H. TEAGUE.

TUNE—*Bright Crowns.* B B 12, B J 59, S M 1, 198.

The years are swiftly passing over,
While souls are being lost;
Oh, let us fight with all our might,
And bring them to the cross.

CHORUS.

We'll fight; We'll fight; We'll fight the battle through,
Our pathway clear, let this year be the best we ever knew.

We'll pray and live and fight, and give
Our souls and bodies too;
To rescue precious souls from death,
And ever more prove true.

The past we never can retrieve,
Its every chance is gone;
But by God's help the future shall
Be marked by victories won.

Like Enoch, Noah, Abraham,
Who trusted in their God;
And like the saints before us gone,
We'll conquer through the Blood.

Trust.

BY HELENA, PICTON.

TUNE—*There's a light that shines from Calvary*: or, *I will follow Thee, my Saviour.* (B.J., 1; S.M., 2, 67.)

We're Salvation Army soldiers,
Each one walking in the light,
By the grace our Father gives us,
Striving daily to do right.
Though the storms around us gather,
And Thy face we cannot see,
Yet in trials and temptations,
Jesus, Lord, we look to Thee.

CHORUS for, *There's a light that shines from Calvary*

Trusting, Heavenly Father, trusting,
Trusting, Thee, trusting Thee;
Though the clouds do sometimes hide Thy face,
We'll trust, though we cannot trace.

CHORUS to *I will follow Thee, my Saviour.*

I will fix my eyes on Jesus,
He Who shed His blood for me;
I will follow where He leadeth,
I will serve Him faithfully.

Though the clouds are dark and heavy,
And our pathway is not clear,
"Fear thou not, for I am with thee,"
Is a promise now grown dear.
Jesus is our Guide and Helper
All along the narrow way,
And we'll turn away the tempter
If we always "watch and pray."

I'll Trust in the Lord.

BY LIEUTENANT CLARK, SEAL COVE, NEWFOUNDLAND.

TUNE—*I'll follow the Lamb*; or, *The Lord will provide*; or, *Dear Jesus, I long.* ("B.J.," 56; "S.M.L.," 194, 195.)

My Saviour has called me, and told me to go
And work in His vineyard — there's plenty to do;
The time is fast flying, the moments are few,
So I'll work for my Jesus, there's plenty to do.

CHORUS.

I will trust in the Lord, (Repeat)
And when the fight's hardest,
I'll trust in my Lord.

ANOTHER CHORUS.

There's plenty to do. (Repeat)
I'll work for my Jesus, there's plenty to do.

If I fight for my Saviour, and trust in His Word,
He will take me to heaven to reign with my Lord;
When the devil would try me, and the fighting is hard,
I'll trust in my Saviour, I'll fight for the Lord.

Though tempted so sorely to give up the fight,
I will trust in my Saviour, and dare to do right;
And when in the tempest His sweet voice I hear,
I will rest on my Jesus, and not be afraid.

To Every Land and Nation.

BY TILLIE HAWKINS, CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

TUNE—*I'm a soldier should you want me.* ("B. J." 74; "S.M.L." 225); or, *Day of victory's coming.* ("B.J.," 23; "M.S.," vi. 104.)

To every land and nation,
The Army marches on,
Proclaiming full salvation,
To every slave of sin.
No thirst of gain doth lure them,
They seek not earthly store;
But love to Christ Who saved them,
Is their constraining power.

In darkness long hath languished,
A ruined fallen race,
With hearts all torn and anguished,
Because of sin defaced.
But hope is now arisen,
She pointed to the sky;
Lo, God hath found a ransom,
For souls condemned to die.

Forth from the courts of heaven,
In come the Paschal Lamb;
His holy life is given,
An offering for sin.
Redemption's work is ended,
The great transaction done;
And God once more offended,
Is reconciled to man.

With steady pace advancing,
Behold a martial throng;
The wide, wide world entrancing,
With harp and power of song.
They bear the joyful tidings,
Salvation through our God;
To all who with repentance,
Will seek the cleansing blood.

Through the Blood.

BY LIEUTENANT ARTHUR SHEARD.

TUNE—*In the Cross.* ("B.J.," 8; "S. M.L.," 218.)

I am overcoming now,
Through the blood of Jesus;
At His blessed feet I bow.
Through the blood of Jesus.

CHORUS.

Through the blood, through the blood,
Through the blood of Jesus;
I am overcoming now,
Through the blood of Jesus.

Doubts forever now are gone,
Through, etc.;
To my soul the light has come,
Through, etc.

Victory over self is mine,
And I know it can be thine.

Worldly things they have no charm,
While I'm resting on His arm.

When I near the river's brink,
With Him near I shall not sink.

Heaven at last shall be my gain,
Freed from trial, care and pain.

What the People Say.

BY WM. M'LAUCHLIN, PARIS.

TUNE—*Nothing but Thy blood.* (B.J., 83; M.J. II., 35.)

People say we don't know much,
We're content to follow Jesus,
That we're only from the ruts,
We're content to follow Jesus.

CHORUS.

Oh, no, nothing do we know,
But through Christ our Saviour,
We've His pardon here below,
We enjoy His love and favor.

People wish for worldly fame,
We're content to follow Jesus,
With an interest in His name,
We're content to follow Jesus.

People say we're a disgrace,
We're content to follow Jesus,
We're a nuisance to the place,
We're content to follow Jesus.

Why not stop your noise? they say,
We're content to follow Jesus,
Do it in a quiet way,
We're content to follow Jesus.

Sinners, Jesus came to save,
We're content to follow Jesus,
'Twas for them His life He gave,
We're content to follow Jesus.

Obey the Call.

BY CAPTAIN MINNIE HARTIN.

TUNE—*I bring my all to Thee.* (B.J., 107; M.S. VI., 1.

Now, comrade, hasten to obey
The call your Saviour gives;
No longer from the fight delay,
Remember, Jesus lives.
To save them from their sin and woe
His precious blood was shed,
And He will you them if you go
To raise them from the dead.

CHORUS.

I bring my all to Thee, etc.

'Tis Jesus calls, I pray that you
Will not like Jonah be,
But on the altar yield yourself
An off'ring full and free.
Dark souls there are who only wait
For you in love to come
And point them to the precious Blood,
And lead the wanderers home.

Now, comrade, hear the voice of God,
The trumpet call obey;
Oh, see the need, take up your cross,
No longer now delay.
Lay down your all at Jesus' feet,
Let nothing bid you stay;
Now settle it with God that you
Will follow all the way.

Marching to Glory.

BY LIEUT. MILNE.

TUNE—*Shout aloud salvation.* "B. J." 2, S. M., II. 46.

Come, all ye soldiers of the Lord, let's sing a glorious strain,
Sing of His wondrous power to save Who for our sins was slain,
Sing of our blessed Lord Who reigns, and shall for ever reign,
As we go marching to glory.

CHORUS.

Fight on, fight on, we'll bring the Jubilee,
Fight on, fight on, for Christ has set us free;
We'll sing and shout Hosannah over earth from sea to sea,
As we go marching to glory.

Poor soul that's wandered from your God, you're bound by Satan's chain,
To set you free, to cleanse your guilt, our Lord from heaven came,
And now He wants you for Himself, oh, trust in His blest name,
And march with the Army to glory.

Most gladly then will we proclaim the glorious news around,
Of how our broken-hearted souls have full salvation found,
And joy and peace and love and hope that in our hearts abound,
As we are marching to glory.

The Blood.

BY A. ROWAN.

TUNE—*The war, the war.*

I am coming to Jesus for rest,
At His cross, as I kneel, I am blest;
His will is my pleasure,
His joy is my treasure,
His peace it now reigns in my breast.
Through the Blood now my soul is made clean,
On His promises now I can lean;
And I'll live for His glory,
And tell out the story,
Of love that His cross it doth mean.

CHORUS.

The Blood, the Blood,
The soul-cleansing flood,
Its waves they are flowing and power bestowing;
The Blood, the Blood,
The soul-cleansing flood,
I'll live every hour 'neath the life-giving Blood.

At His cross He would have you leave all,
Fearing not, only heeding His call;
In your soul He will dwell,
And with pleasure you'll tell
Of this liberty given to all who will part
with what hinders His reign.
His cleansing and fulness to claim;
The indwelling Spirit,
Through Jesus' merit,
Will be everlasting soul-gain.

For God and Souls!

THE COMMANDANT,

ACCOMPANIED BY

BRIGADIERS HOLLAND AND MARGETTS,

Will Conduct Red-hot Meetings as Follows:

WYOMING	Saturday	July 14
PETROLEA	Sunday	" 15
WATFORD	Monday	" 16
STRATHROY	Tuesday	" 17

AND BELIEVE FOR BIG TIMES!

THE EASTERN PROVINCE.

Brigadier Jacobs will conduct Camp Meetings at Yarmouth, July 12th to 19th; Annapolis, July 21st to 26th.

MISSING COLUMN

(Continued).

1412 **Rice.** A few weeks ago a Mrs. Jewis, sister-in-law of Caroline Rice, advertised for the children of Mrs. Rice. We have been successful in obtaining the address of one, but as Mrs. Jewis has not sent us her address we are unable to communicate with her.

1420 **Thornton, Joseph,** stonecutter, age 40, height 5 feet 8 inches, dark hair and eyes, medium and broad shouldered. Supposed to be in Toronto working at the Toronto Stone Co. He was in Rochester two years ago. It is now four years since he left home. His daughter Alice is very anxious for news. U. S. Cry please copy.

1327 **Acome, M. B.** Left his home a year and five months ago. Supposed to be in Buffalo. Last worked in Brown's Livery, King St., Toronto. Age 5 feet 9 inches, light-brown hair, one crushed finger on right hand. His wife is very anxious for news. Friend as above.